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BROADWAY BILLY
AND
The Bomb-Throwers;
OR,
The Detective Queen of Paris.

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AUTHOR OF "BROADWAY BILLY" NOVELS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUILLOTINE.

"THAT is a hideous affair," observed Broadway Billy, with a shudder.

"You think so?" asked Harry Freeman, with a light laugh. "That is because it is new to you."

"The New Jersey gallows is bad enough, and the Sing Sing death-chair is even worse, but this monster is the worst of the lot, to my way of thinking."

"YOU INFERNAL RASCALS!" CRIED BROADWAY BILLY. "I HAVE A NOTION TO CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU, HERE AND NOW."

Broadway Billy and the Bomb-Throwers.

"Ha, ha, ha! It is the least painful death known, Billy. The moment that knifedrops, all sensation is lost. Perhaps you are just able to realize that you have lost something but that's all."

"You are cool about it, anyhow. One would think you had had your head cut off a few times by way of experiment."

"No, no, not quite so bad as that; I'm merely quoting medical authority."

"And the doctors know it all, of course."

"Oh, sure."

In the city of Paris, on the morning of February 5th.

Broadway Billy and his able French side-partner, Harry, had been all night in the neighborhood of the Prison de la Roquette.

They were there to witness the execution of the condemned Anarchist, Auguste Vaillant, and as it was not generally known what time the execution would take place, they had made a night of it.

In the earlier part of the previous evening they had been enjoying a foretaste of the carnival, in semi-disguise, when, falling in with a police agent with whom Harry was acquainted, he had let them into the secret that preparations for the execution were under way.

Leaving the merrymakers, they set out immediately for the Dépot des Condamnes, or Nouveau Bicetre, in the Rue de la Roquette.

The prison is to Paris what the Tombs is to New York. It is intended as a temporary place of confinement for criminals condemned to death, hard labor, or transportation.

For several nights past policemen had been standing in groups in the open space before the prison, where condemned prisoners are put to death, and about nine o'clock on this night a mounted messenger from the Ministry of Justice came and delivered a sealed packet.

This packet was addressed to Chief Warden Brun, and it contained his instructions respecting the bomb-thrower.

He was directed to have the guillotine quietly set up, to execute the condemned man at daybreak.

Within a couple of hours afterward persons began to gather before the prison to witness the tragic ending.

When Broadway Billy and his *confrere* started for the Place de la Roquette, the sky was overcast, and a little later a fine rain began to fall, which made the night disagreeable.

The two found a favorable spot, and held it, patiently waiting while the time dragged along.

The news meantime was spreading; men and women loitering in the streets near the prison having learned the secret, the message had been hurried along, and at every corner groups were gathering.

About a quarter to two a company of five hundred policemen entered the Place de la Roquette by different routes and took possession of the square.

By this time several hundred persons had gathered, mostly from the lower quarters, and the police placed barriers to keep back the expected mob.

In another hour two battalions of the Republican Guards marched into the open space from the Rue de la Roquette, preceded by a drum corps, and these were followed by a company of mounted guards, after which came another battalion of infantry, and all took position in the square, while the waiting throng knew that the hour of death was now near.

A little later the guillotine was brought out and set up a few yards from the doors of the prison, by the State executioner's assistants, and when it was ready M. Diebler himself appeared upon the scene and tested the machine to make sure that it was in proper working order, and it was then that

Broadway Billy made the remark with which our story opens.

And a hideous affair it was, true enough.

It looked doubly so, in the ghostly gaslight, as the State executioner tried the pulleys to assure himself that they were working all right, and as the cruel knife, a foot wide and with diagonal edge, was put into place. More than one person in the crowd gave a shiver.

"How would you like to try it, Harry?" asked Billy, after a moment's pause.

"About as well as Vaillant will like it, I suppose," was the answer. "It is not a question of whether he likes it or not."

"Well, that's so. Do you think he will show the white feather?"

"No, I don't, from what I've heard of him."

"Is he a bravado?"

"Might just as well be, since there is no help for him. I'll bet he will go to the knife without winking."

And Harry's prophecy proved true, as the sequel will show.

At a quarter to seven the gaslights began to pale, and many persons could be seen standing on the roofs of the houses, from which a view of the guillotine could be had.

As it grew lighter the crowd around the square increased, and promptly at seven o'clock twenty-five of the mounted guards advanced to the front of the guillotine and took their station there. Muskets were slung across their backs, and they carried bared sabers in hand.

Presently the little door in the prison gateway closed, and all the troops in the square straightened up and made perfect their lines, and it was known that now the double doors would shortly swing open and the condemned man and his attendants come forth.

There was a remarkable silence, there being none of the usual shouting, as Harry explained to Billy.

Ten minutes later all the gaslights were extinguished except the one nearest the guillotine, and soon after that Vaillant appeared, wearing only shirt and trowsers, with an assistant walking on each side of him.

He walked without aid, as freely as his shackles would admit, and his form was upright and his demeanor bold.

"What did I say?" whispered Harry to Broadway Billy. "See any signs of his weakening?"

"He has certainly got nerve," Billy had to admit.

The courage of the condemned man was indeed remarkable, as all who witnessed his execution were free to declare.

The troops presented arms in salute, and the condemned Anarchist advanced in a steady manner until he was near the guillotine, when he sprung forward a step and exclaimed:

"Death to the bourgeoisie! Long live anarchy!"

His voice resounded over the whole square, and there was something of a faint response from different directions, but nothing intelligible.

He was then within two or three yards of the guillotine, and as he finished his last words on earth he sprung forward and placed his body against the fatal plank, ready for the blade.

It is usually the work of the assistants to place the victim upon this plank, but Vaillant helped himself to meet his fate.

The plank dropped to place, and in less time than the facts can be stated the condemned man's head was under the knife, and almost in the same moment M. Diebler touched the fatal spring.

There was a bright flash of steel as the heavy blade descended, a thud, and then the spectators saw a head drop into the waiting basket behind the guillotine, and the deed of justice had been accomplished.

Billy and Harry were where they could see well, and as the head dropped it turned round and fell into the basket face uppermost. It was a fearful sight.

In another moment the plank turned and the body was thrown into a large basket that had been placed alongside the guillotine to receive it, and all was over. The whole work had occupied not more than half-a-minute.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Broadway Billy, as he turned away with a shudder.

"Don't like it, do you?" said Harry. "Well, it isn't pleasant, that's the truth."

"You are right, it isn't. I noticed that the executioner himself was not a little pale. I'll bet it has spoiled his appetite for breakfast. I don't envy him his office."

"It wasn't the work that made him pale, Billy."

"What then?"

"Why, the threats. He has received a good many letters from Anarchists who declared they would blow him up if he killed Vaillant."

"Well, they have failed to carry out their threats, then."

"It isn't too late yet."

"That's so; and they have had little chance for their hellish practice here. They would probably get a dose of lead before they could throw more than one."

It was true that the State executioner had appeared pale, and that it was owing to fear was not to be doubted.

The crowd had been growing all the while, and many were disappointed at finding they had arrived too late upon the scene.

In less than two minutes after the fall of the knife Vaillant's body was placed in one of the waiting vans and was taken to Ivry Cemetery.

The guillotine was taken down, the flagstones were washed off, and the law had been satisfied for the crime for which Vaillant had paid the penalty with his life.

CHAPTER II.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

BROADWAY BILLY and his partner Harry, as they turned to leave the square with the crowd, found themselves behind two desperate-looking men.

Both detectives were tired and hungry, and it was their intention to take a hot and hearty breakfast and seek some rest as soon as possible, but words of the two men arrested their attention.

Broadway Billy, it must here be stated, had now been some months in the gay capital—in fact, since June of the preceding year.

Hence, he could understand much of the language, and could speak it, too, quite well, and so it was that the words of the two men claimed his attention as well as Harry's.

Harry gave Billy a nudge immediately, and whispered:

"Did you catch on to that?"

"Yes," Billy answered.

"They are two of the bomb-throwers, sure."

"Not a doubt of it, and they may have some on their persons now."

"You are right. Say, here is a field for detective work, Billy, if you are of that turn."

"A splendid field to get blown to atoms in, if we monkey with these fellows, I feel pretty certain of that," Billy declared, with a laugh.

They were talking in English, and were not likely to be understood even if heard.

What they had heard was a remark to the effect that Paris would have to pay dearly for the death of Vaillant.

To this the other man had responded that it should be at the rate of a thousand francs.

Billy and Harry tried to catch more, but

were prevented by a loud-speaking woman just behind them, who was saying to her companion:

"Poor little Sidonie! I wonder what will become of her, now they have murdered her father?"

She referred to Vaillant's daughter, who had appealed to President Carnot to pardon her father, but had appealed in vain.

One of the rough-looking men turned instantly.

"Don't you trouble yourself about Sidonie, woman," he cried. "Anarchists are going to take care of her."

He considered himself far enough away from the police, now, to make it safe for him to talk.

"We'll show them whether they can murder us or not. One would think they own all the world and that we have no right in it, but we'll show them about that. Paris will be lying in ruins before the flowers bloom and the summer winds blow. Our Vaillant shall be avenged!"

"Yes, yes, so it shall!"

"Better have a care how you talk about it," cautioned Harry.

Both the desperate-looking men turned upon him instantly, eying him sharply, and one demanded:

"Who and what are you?"

"One in sympathy with the cause," Harry answered.

Other eyes besides those of the two men were upon them, and several men hemmed them in.

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from London, my friend from New York."

"What proof can you give for what you claim? We take no man's bare word."

"Would you expect us to carry badges of distinction around with us? What do you take us for?"

As stated, Billy and Harry had been enjoying the opening of the carnival, and were in semi-disguise, and they had nothing about them to reveal their identity.

"Well, come with us and we will see whether you are what you claim to be or not. There is one way of finding out, and that is by putting you to the test. If you are Anarchists you are ready."

"We are ready," Harry coolly declared.

Broadway Billy would have hesitated about getting mixed up with these fellows, but Harry had sprung the trap suddenly upon him.

"You have got us in for it now, Harry, sure enough," he said in English, in a guarded tone.

"Just where we want to be, Billy."

"Why so?"

"If they are going to blow up Paris, we want a hand in it."

He spoke loudly enough for the men to hear, and watched to note whether they understood his words or not.

Apparently they did not.

"What is that you are saying?" one of the rough fellows demanded.

"I say if you are going to blow up Paris, we want to have a hand in it, was all," Harry translated.

Working people who had tarried at the Place de la Roquette were hastening to their respective places of labor, and little attention was paid by any one to these seditious remarks.

"If that was what you said it's all right," the worst of the desperate-looking fellows growled, "but we can't swear to it. However, we'll see. Say no more, and do not follow us, but come to Rue de la —, No. 32, in an hour, if you want to do anything for Anarchy."

"We'll be there."

They were at a corner, and the two men turned into another street.

Billy and Harry continued on their way,

the crowd rapidly thinning out the further they proceeded.

"Well, now you have opened the ball, sure enough," Billy declared. "What do you think you are going to do, Harry, anyhow?"

"Getting jealous? Here you have worked out half a dozen fine cases since you came to France, and have made yourself solid with Monsieur Lepine, the prefect of police."

"That's all right."

"And it's all right for me to want a share of the honors, isn't it? I am going to gather in a bag-full of victims for my offering. There is going to be more trouble, sure as you live."

"Well, I'm with you, since you are in earnest."

"I knew you couldn't keep out. We'll work it together, if you say so. But, here's a chance for breakfast."

They had money with them, if nothing else, and Harry drew Billy into a *cafe* where the smell of rich coffee and hot rolls made their mouths water, after the long, chilling night.

The *cafe* was one of the poorer sort, but that made no difference.

It was well filled, and none of the tables being entirely vacant, Harry and Billy sat down at once at a table where two men were sitting.

The moment they sat down Harry gave Billy a signal.

It was that they should speak only English.

He had recognized one of the two men at the table as an Anarchist leader, and thought he might learn something.

Billy caught on at once, and fell in with the plan readily. He and Harry had been together so long, now, that they understood each other thoroughly.

The waiter came immediately, and Harry addressed him in English.

The fellow shook his head.

"Don't you speak French?" asked the man Harry had recognized as an Anarchist whose picture he had seen in the papers.

"Not a word," answered Harry, "and we haven't our conversation book with us. If you will help us out, you will greatly oblige us."

"With pleasure."

Billy and Harry stated their wants, which were translated to the waiter, who went off immediately with a smiling face.

Harry thanked the man opposite him, and at once began talking to Billy in a commonplace way, and finally mention was made of the execution in the Place de la Roquette.

"Ha! did you witness that?" the Anarchist asked.

"Should say we did," answered Billy. "It was horrible."

"Yes, a horrible murder," the Anarchist emphasized. "But, wait."

His manner spoke as loudly as his words, and he turned to his companion and continued his conversation with him.

"These two are English, or American," he said. "We have nothing to mind in them. And, I am not sure that they are not with us in our work for the cause."

"I doubt it," the other disputed.

"We shall find out, if they are present at Rue de la —, 32."

When the man had said this, Harry reached his hand across the table to him, yet without speaking.

CHAPTER III.

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Both the men looked at Harry, and from him to Billy, yet without speaking, while Harry still proffered his hand.

"What do you mean?" the last speaker finally demanded.

He spoke in English.

"You have made no mistake in your

guess, sir," Harry answered, now in French.

"We are Anarchists, and here is my hand."

"I thought you could not speak French."

"I did not think it prudent to do so, just coming from the scene of the execution, Monsieur Breton."

"Ha! you know me, then?"

"You are a writer for the *Parti Socialiste*, and your likeness has been in the press. It was you who said that if Monsieur Carnot approved of the death of Vaillant nobody would pity him if his wooden carcass was dislocated by a bomb."

"Chut! do you not know the police are after me for that very remark? But, who and what are you, and your friend?"

"I have told you what we are. I am from London, while my friend here is from New York. We expect to be at Rue de la —, 32, in an hour."

"What did I tell you?" and M. Breton turned to his companion.

"You seem to have guessed it," the response.

"What is your name?" M. Breton asked.

"My name is Henri Coutant, and that of my friend is William Mast—"

"Ha! you are some relation to Herr Mast?" interrupted Breton, addressing Billy in English.

"He is my uncle," Billy promptly answered.

His hand was taken and warmly wrung, after which Breton introduced his companion as Emile Henry, a stanch friend of the cause.

The four then fell into confidential conversation.

"I tell you we are going to make Paris weep for the death of Vaillant," declared M. Breton most emphatically.

"So others are saying," responded Harry.

"They say the debt shall be paid at the rate of a thousand for one. We are here to aid our brothers in the work, even to the death, if need be."

When all had finished their breakfast they paid the score and set forth in company for the Rue de la —, No. 32.

The place proved to be a narrow street in a low quarter, and the designated number was a building of particularly forbidding appearance, being dark and frowning in front.

There was little sign of life about the place.

M. Breton opened a door with a pass-key, and the four passed in, the door being carefully closed after them.

A dim light was burning in the hallway in which they found themselves, and proceeding along this hall, they came to a staircase which they descended to a long, low room underground.

Here were a number of lights, and through the smoky air it could be discerned that about forty men were present.

A cheer greeted their entrance.

"It is the bold Monsieur Breton!" cried one.

"Monsieur Breton, who dares to speak in black and white!"

"Long live Monsieur Breton!"

The socialistic writer responded with a wave of the hand, and introduced his new acquaintances, when the two desperate-looking men whom Billy and Harry had first encountered came forward.

"What did I say, Pierre Marchaut?" one demanded of his companion. "Did I not say they would prove all right? Monsieur Breton, do you vouch for them?"

"Certainly I do, Jacques Gallichon. I have heard of Henri Coutant, and we all recognize the name of Mast."

"What is more, you may look for twenty others from London in a short time," added Harry.

"Long live Anarchy!"

There was a cheer, at that, which, however, was quickly suppressed.

"You will have the accursed police down

upon us," growled one who seemed to be the leader. "There is a time to shout, and a time to keep still."

"And there is a time for work, too," growled a hunchback who made one of the company. "There was a time for work about seven o'clock on the Place de la Rotonde."

"No, no, that was not the time," corrected the leader. "You are too eager, Meunier, in your desire to avenge Ravachol. You would only have blown up a few of the soldiers, without doing any good. What we want is to strike at the head."

"Yes, yes, Paul Bernard, you are right."

By this time Billy and Harry recognized that they were in the very stronghold of Anarchy. That their lives were in danger there was no doubt, once they were suspected.

They were armed, however. If they had little else about their persons, they had their trusty revolvers.

All the men were talking at once, and there was a confusing uproar.

They had gathered around Breton, Henry, and Billy and Harry, and an American in the lot was just opening a fire of questions at Broadway Billy when something took place.

Several men pushed through to the center of the group, to the displeasure of those whom they crowded, and who did not hesitate to complain loudly, complaints that were disregarded.

When the men reached M. Breton they laid hands upon him, one saying:

"Monsieur Breton, we arrest you in the name of the law."

They were secret agents of the Paris police, and one of the Anarchists' own bombs exploding in their midst could not have astonished the company more.

"Who are you, fellows?" M. Breton demanded, sharply. "For what am I arrested, I would ask? You had better have a care, for how do you expect to take me out of such a place as this?"

"We will take care of that part of it. Resist, and you die. If any man interferes it will be the signal for his death. Make room."

So clear and ringing the words, so bold and fearless the tone, that the cowed Anarchists fell back.

The handcuffs had already been snapped on the prisoner's wrists.

One of the police agents, a powerful fellow, held him, while five others kept the crowd covered with their revolvers.

It was a thrilling moment, and Broadway Billy could but look on in admiration of such a display of courage as this. The next moment he had reason for even a greater admiration.

Paul Bernard had sprung to a table, from which he caught up a bomb that lay there.

"Release that man!" he ordered, raising his arm to throw the death-dealing missile. "Release him, or I will blow you to mincemeat!"

"Blow away!" was the calm defiance.

The police agents never flinched, and not a trace of fear could be read in their faces.

"Don't throw it," cried Meunier, the hunchback. "Not a man of us can escape alive if you do. We will keep it for a better purpose than killing police spies."

"Make way!" the leader of the secret agents ordered again. "We take this man out of here dead or alive. What is more, we will take the rest of you if you try to interfere with us in our duty."

It was a thrilling moment.

The Anarchists outnumbered the agents nearly five to one, and had they tried they could have overcome them.

But, that personal regard which each had for his own safety deterred them, for it would mean the death of more than one man before the object could be accomplished.

They had fallen back once, as said, and

now they made room for the agents to take their prisoner from the room.

Suddenly, however, Jacques Gallichon cried out:

"Brothers, are we cowards, knaves and fools combined? Will we submit to this, when we outnumber the spies like we do?"

"You will submit to it or die," cried the leader of the officers.

They were moving toward the door.

"Never!" cried the hunchback.

"At them!"

There was a howl, such as might come from a pack of wolves, and a rush was instantly made upon the officers, but their weapons spoke spitefully.

Three or four of the band dropped to the floor, with groans, and the rest stopped short, while the police agents with their prisoner made good their escape through the door.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAWING THE BALLOT.

BROADWAY BILLY and Harry Freeman had fallen behind the others without arousing suspicion.

By standing still when the others rushed, this had been accomplished, and no bullets reached as far as where they stood.

When the police agents had gone with their man, Billy and Harry were found with revolvers in their grasp, glaring at the door that had just closed.

A shot had been heard from this direction, and Harry's weapon was still smoking. He had fired over the heads of the police agents, for effect, to divert suspicion from him and Billy.

"Curse them!" cried Paul Bernard. "They shall pay dearly for this!"

"I tried to pick off one of them, but missed," said Harry. "How came they in here with us?"

"That is the question," roared Pierre Marchant. "There is a traitor in our ranks somewhere, who has given them the secret. Who is he?"

"Yes, who is he?" repeated one of the wounded men, with a moan. "He deserves a dozen deaths, if he can be found. Look at us, one dead and three more hurt by their cursed bullets."

"Death to the traitor!"

"Yes, yes! Death to him, death to him!"

"Pay attention to me," cried Paul Bernard, waving his arm.

The others became in a measure silent.

"We must get out of here immediately," the temporary leader addressed them. "Now that the police know of our place, they will descend upon us in force. We must deal them a blow."

"Hear! Hear!"

"But before we go the lots must be drawn, and we will see which of us is to throw the next bomb. We will draw in a new and secret way, so that no one will be able to tell who gets the red ballot save the man himself who draws it. This will be a check on spies."

"Excellent! That will foil the foxes!"

"Count the number present, and let the same number of ballots be placed in the box, one being red. Each in turn will secretly draw, and each must keep secret what his ballot proves to be. The wounded need not be counted, but these two new members will take part with us. I suppose you are willing?" turning to Billy and Harry as he spoke.

"More than willing," Broadway Billy cried, in the best French he could master. "All we ask is a chance to strike for the cause."

"You may give me the red ballot, if you want to," declared Harry. "I will prove to you that we mean business. What do you want blown up? The Palais de Justice? Or the Legislative Palace?"

"You seem to know something about Paris."

"I did not live here half a dozen years for nothing. Don't I speak the language well enough?"

"Well, well, to the ballot. Are you ready?"

Some of the members of the band had sprung to obey the directions of the leader.

"Yes, all ready," one responded.

"Then place the box on the table, and we will draw from it one by one."

The box was so placed, and the speaker himself was the first to advance to it and draw.

"Let each man take his ballot secretly, so," he directed, "and carry it away with him, letting no one know what he has drawn."

He suited action to his words, and made room for the next.

Thus, one by one, they stepped forward and took one of the balls out of the box, without looking until one had been drawn, and then not allowing any one else to learn.

When it came to Billy's turn, he stepped forward like the rest, and took out a ballot.

He looked at it and found that it was white.

The same with Harry.

And so it went on until all had taken one, and the box was empty. One of the number had drawn the red ballot, and yet no one else knew who it was.

"It is done," spoke up Bernard. "Let the one who has the death ballot do his duty. Within ten days let us feel Paris rocked by the explosion, and let the dead be many."

"Amen!"

The feeling was intense, and the excitement great.

In the mean time the wounded had been seen to, Broadway Billy lending a hand at that.

"What about the dead man?" asked one.

"We will let the police care for him, Plinquet," answered Bernard. "They will plant him in the Turnip Field."

"He is deserving of a place in the Pere La Chaise, with a monument," cried the hunchback, Meunier. "Another thousand will have to pay the debt for his life. But, let us away."

They had not been idle a moment, but each had taken some of the effects of the place, such as could be carried on the person.

All were now ready to set forth before the police could descend upon them in numbers.

The balloting had occupied not more than a minute.

"Now, out and away, and every man for himself!" cried Paul Bernard. "We must disperse, but we will meet in two days at the old place."

So shouting, he made for the door, the others following, and all hastened out of the building, some by the rear way but most of them through the hall to the front, Harry and Billy going that way.

The two detectives ran into a narrow street near at hand, and after a couple or three turnings, came to a walk.

"Well, that was lively, wasn't it?" remarked Harry.

"You are right it was," agreed Billy. "It might have been hot for us, too, if the fight had been strong."

"Bet your life! But, I wonder who got the red ballot? That is something we ought to know, for another outrage is sure to follow, now, unless we can get onto his track."

"I am afraid it will puzzle us to find out."

"So I think. I tried to watch their faces so as to detect the man who drew it, but it was impossible."

"What is to be done?"

"Tell the prefect of police."

"I agree with you in that. We'll go right there."

Their decision made, they turned their steps in the direction of the prefecture.

The man who had drawn the red ball, by the way, was Emile Henry, the young man who had been in the company of M. Breton.

And Harry Freeman's prophecy that another outrage would follow was destined to come true, in spite of the best vigilance the police could exercise over the known Anarchists.

Before Billy and Harry reached their destination they were accosted by a young woman.

At first they mistook her character, and tried to pass.

"Listen to me," she urged, holding to Billy's sleeve. "You two are true friends of Anarchy, are you not?"

"Ha! now you have our attention," answered Harry, promptly, fearing that Billy would not understand, or that he would unthinkingly deny that such was the case. "We are such, mademoiselle."

"Then come with me," she urged, eagerly.

"Where to?" demanded Billy.

"To a place where I will take you. It is the command of the chief that you shall come."

Billy and Harry exchanged a glance.

This was quick work, for they had barely left the last rendezvous, and how had this girl found them?"

"Who are you?" asked Harry.

"They call me the Queen of the Anarchists."

"And how did you find us? We left your chief only a moment ago."

"Not our chief; you are mistaken in that. The man you just left was Paul Bernard."

"Then who is your chief?"

"He is nameless."

"Well, we will go with you," Billy decided, now thoroughly alive to the excitement of the game. "You can tell us more as we go along."

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all about it, only hasten, for there is important work to be done, and seeing that you are strangers, the chief desires you to undertake it. Come with me."

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANARCHISTS.

THIS young woman was good-looking, with raven hair and flashing black eyes, and with lips which seemed to invite kisses.

She was rather fancifully attired, as if she had taken part in the carnival demonstrations of the previous evening, and there was a warm flush of excitement upon her face.

Broadway Billy and Harry set out with her with no further delay.

She tripped along rapidly, in another direction entirely, and they had to do quick walking to keep up to her.

"What is your name, Mademoiselle Beautiful?" asked Harry.

"If I had none I would certainly come to you to be christened," was the playful response.

"And why?"

"I think you would give me something romantic."

"Because I called you beautiful? There is said to be nothing romantic about the truth."

The girl flushed a deeper red, but said no more, as if feeling herself unequal to the occasion. From Harry she looked to Billy.

"You have not answered the question," Billy reminded.

He had mastered the language well enough to understand and make himself understood.

"Well, my name is Fanchette Gillichon."

"And your father is Jacques Gallichon?" asked Harry.

"Yes."

"We know him," said Billy.

"And I hope you will both know him better, for he is a man who is true to his friends."

"Thank you; and we also hope to know more of his charming daughter."

She gave her head a toss, and said no more.

Harry and Billy talked together in low tones, wondering what could be in the wind now, but speculations were idle and useless.

When they reached their destination they were no more enlightened than when they had set out, but both felt that they were prepared for any thing that might turn up.

They were in a dismal street not a great distance from the rendezvous from which the Anarchists had so recently taken flight.

The girl mounted the steps of an old-fashioned house and opened the door.

"Come right in, gentlemen," she invited, "and do not be alarmed. The hunted lions have to take shelter where they can find it, so do not judge of us altogether by our surroundings."

"You have only to lead the way," said Billy, boldly.

All the same, he had his revolvers where he could finger them quickly if he had to use them.

"You are brave," she observed, as she closed the door.

"Anarchists have to be brave, Mademoiselle Fanchette, and we have been rocked in that cradle."

"Come."

She led the way along the dusky hall, and up a flight of quaint old stairs to the floor above.

There it was even darker than below, for the queer old windows were so heavily curtained that daylight was almost excluded.

Near the top of the landing the girl threw open a door, entering a room that was well lighted, and in which some men were seated in easy and careless attitudes.

The room appeared to be well furnished.

"Come right in, gentlemen," the girl invited, half turning. "Monsieur the Chief, I have brought the strangers as you ordered, and they are ready to do your bidding."

She waved her hand toward Billy and Harry, who were just entering the door together.

They had their hands upon weapons, ready for treachery.

Something happened, however, that was entirely unlooked for, and which took them completely by surprise.

They were suddenly seized from behind by powerful hands.

While a peal of merriest laughter broke from the lips of their fair deceiver, their arms were quickly pinioned.

Not the slightest opportunity had been allowed them to defend themselves.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the girl laughed. "You could deceive my father, and Monsieur Breton, and Paul Bernard, and all the rest besides, but you could not fool Fanchette, the Detective Queen. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Then it was you, was it," thundered a man rising out of his place in a corner of the room, "who brought the police agents down upon us, and laid the trap for the capture of Monsieur Breton?"

Billy and Harry were looking from face to face, as if utterly bewildered.

"We know not what you mean, sirs," Billy said, in his broken way. "We truly had nothing to do with the police agents."

"Of course not," cried Harry, fiercely. "What do you take us for? What is the meaning of all this fol-de-rol, anyhow?"

"How pretty! How pretty!" cried the girl, clapping her hands with delight. "Indeed, did I not know you so well, you would almost deceive even me."

The man who had risen out of the corner was Jacques Gallichon.

The two detectives were now able to recognize Pierre Marchaunt, Gilbert Plinquet, the hunchback Meunier, and others whom they had seen in the den where the arrest of Breton had taken place.

"You doubt that we are Anarchists then?" Billy demanded.

"There is no doubt about it," laughed the girl. "I know you too well to be mistaken. You have forgotten the mysterious maiden of your latest case, who slipped through your fingers when you led the police to raid the counterfeiter's crib, have you not?"

Both Billy and Harry saw there was little use in trying to deny their identity further.

While they had never seen this girl's face before, they now knew who she was, as she revealed correctly something that had taken place in one of the cases they had recently handled.

"But, mistaken you certainly are," Harry insisted. "Who do you take us to be, anyhow?"

"Who, but Harry Freeman and the American detective called Broadway Billy. I tell you you cannot deceive Fanchette, no use trying it on."

"You are fooling yourself," declared Billy. "My name is William Mast."

"And I am Henri Coutant, well known in London, and my name must certainly be on your list of the faithful. This is madness, young lady."

"Well done, oh! so very well done," the girl cried, laughing again. "But it does not work with me. I know you, and that settles it. Father, they are the men I told you they were."

"Enough, my daughter," said Jacques Gallichon. "We will take care of them, and will give them a taste of our revenge."

"You will repay them well for the arrest of Breton?"

"With double interest, my daughter. Your lover shall be avenged for whatever sentence he may receive."

"I know I can trust you to do it, my father. I only regret that I could not get the word to you sooner, so that you could have captured all the hated spies when they were in the trap."

"You must be a detective *par excellence*," sneered Harry.

"The best detectives run against insurmountable obstacles once in a while," was the response. "And the best fall into traps, too," she added, spitefully.

"Go, my daughter, and leave us to deal with them," said Gallichon.

"Yes, I go. Ta-ta, my dears," blowing kisses to the two prisoners. "I hope you may have a pleasant time of it. Ha, ha, ha!"

Thus laughing, she closed the door and was gone.

Her rich voice could be heard in song as she descended the stairs and made her way along the lower hall.

No one spoke till she had gone from the house.

"Now, what have you to say?" demanded Gallichon, severely. "What should be done with you, traitors?"

"Before you do anything, just make sure that we are traitors," said Harry. "Search us, and see if you can find anything upon us to support the charge."

"Not likely that you would come to us with your badges on."

"And you take the word of that girl against ours?"

"The Detective Queen never mistakes."

"Well, she has made the mistake of her life this time," declared Broadway Billy.

"No, for she never makes a positive statement unless she is positive. You heard what she said. We know she is right, and now it remains only for us to sentence you and send you to your doom. Remember the fate of Vaillant!"

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE BALANCE.—TERROR REIGNS.

In spite of their nerve and bravery, Broadway Billy and his French side-partner felt grave concern for their safety.

They had been in too many tight places to think of showing the white feather here, however, nor would they beg, no matter what might threaten, so they put on bold faces.

"Yes, we saw the death of Vaillant," said Harry. "What did we do then? You were there, and you know. We put ourselves in the way of falling in with Anarchists, and this is the treatment we receive for our fidelity to the cause. What we ask is fairness."

"That is what you will get."

"Do you call it fair," here spoke up Billy, "to take the word of that young woman against us, when she is as likely to make a mistake as any one else? Prove that we are the persons she claims, and we will have no more to say. Think you, had we been detectives, that we would have walked so fearlessly into a trap like this? She said the Anarchist chief had summoned us, and we came."

"There's reasoning for you," remarked Plinquet.

"What!" thundered Gallichon. "Do you mean to say you doubt the evidence given by my daughter?"

"Your daughter is only human, like the rest of us, after all, Jacques," was the rejoinder. "Let us have the proof before we go too far."

"The proof by all means," supported Meunier, the hunchback. "A mistake would be a serious thing, and we cannot afford to take the risk of making one here. Let us go slow and be sure."

"Curse you for the fools you are!" roared Gallichon. "Has your chosen Queen ever deceived you yet?"

"She allowed five police agents to make their way into our meeting," reminded one man who had not yet spoken.

"You heard her say how that was."

"I say go slow."

"Well, if that is the voice of all, so be it. It will not take us long to get the proof, one way or the other, and until then we can hold these men prisoners."

"That is all we ask, brother," spoke up Harry, quickly. "Hold us prisoners until you have made sure of the charge against us, and then, if the proofs are all against us, we will have nothing further to say."

Their bold mien had carried them through.

They had been held firmly, in addition to being bound, while this was going on.

"What's to be done with them?" one of their captors now asked.

"They shall be chained in the cellar. First, though, we will search them and see what we'll find."

"This may tell the tale, too," added Gallichon, eagerly. "If my Fanchette was right—and of course she is, so much the worse for them when we get the clincher on them."

"Do with us what you will, if you get the proof," said Billy, boldly.

They were searched, but nothing save their weapons and some money was found upon them.

"There is lack of proof that they are our brethren, as well, you see," urged Gallichon.

"You would not have us going around with placards on our necks, would you?"

It was fiery Harry who demanded thus.

"Well, to the cellar with them," cried Gallichon. "The truth will come out in a little while."

Just then the hall door below was heard to open and shut, and light steps were heard running along the hall and up the stairs.

"Fanchette," said Gallichon.

It was she.

The Detective Queen came into the room breathlessly.

"I am glad I am in time," she gasped. "You must keep these prisoners."

"Just what we intended doing, for they so stoutly declare they are not the persons you claim—"

"Pshaw! what folly for them to deny. But, they will be of more use held as prisoners, for the police are going to begin active work against us."

"They have been active."

"Yes, but now they mean to be more so. They are going to make arrests, and may make important ones."

"And what then?"

"These young men are valued, and we might force an exchange."

"Ha! that is a live thought, my daughter. Trust to that wise head of yours for ideas."

"Flattery to the wind. You must disguise, every man of you, and at once, for you are all known, thanks to the spies who got into the meeting."

"It shall be done."

"And so will I, too, for it will be necessary. I shall remain in this house as a hideous old crone."

"Have you seen Bernard?"

"I have, and he says there must be no meeting soon. The next call will be secretly published in the papers."

"That is wise."

"This comes of our threats in the meeting," observed the hunchback.

"Yes, and of your own wild clamorings against the slayers of Ravachol. You are too hot and hasty with your tongue, Meunier."

"Wild clamorings! Ha, ha! You call my threats wild, do you? They shall yet hear from the notorious Meunier, as they call me, the avenger of Ravachol and the accomplice of Francois!"

"But, I repeat that you are too hot and hasty."

"Well, maybe I am, but you must remember that I am Meunier—Meunier the notorious, the avenger!"

"But, listen to me," cried their Detective Queen. "The police mean to make arrests as fast as possible, and you must vanish. You have done it before, and it can be done again."

"They will find that it can."

"And I, as the old crone of this house, will take care of these prisoners myself."

"We trust you."

"If they are wanted, you will know where to find them. They can never get out of my hands. What think you of the arrangement?"

She turned her laughing face to Billy and Harry.

"We could not well have a prettier keeper, truly," said Billy.

"Nor one more to be feared," added Harry. "Mistakes of this sort are doubly dangerous."

"Ha, ha, ha! You still insist upon your innocence, do you? How you tire me! To the cellar with them, my father, and then seek your safety with all haste, for your description will soon be in the hands of every policeman."

Without further parley or delay, Billy and Harry were taken from the room and down the stairs,

Reaching the hall below, they were dragged along to the rear and down a dark passage with wide stone steps to a sort of cellar under the house.

That is almost too dignified a name for such a hole, for only a hole it was at best, only deep enough to admit of walking almost bent double. What was worse, it was damp and foul.

"You do not mean to leave us in such a place!" cried Billy.

"The best we can offer you, gentlemen," said one of their captors, with grim humor.

And here they were chained to one of the

center supports of the building, with the chains locked around their waists.

It was not likely they could, or would, escape.

So they were left.

"Well, this comes of your prying into the secrets of the Anarchists, Harry," said Billy, when they were alone.

"And we'll pry deeper, too, you bet," declared Harry, fiercely, "as soon as we get out of here. We have been in worse places, and this one will not hold us for long."

"I agree with you; but at present I don't just see the way out."

Nor did they see the way out, either, for several days.

In the mean time the prisoner, M. Breton, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of a hundred francs.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS STRUCK ANOTHER BLOW.

On the morning of February 12th there was a lively scare in a Paris court-room.

A prisoner named Boisson, one of the many who had been arrested during the past few days by the activity of the police, was on trial.

He was convicted of having explosives in his possession, and the judge was sentencing him to four months' imprisonment, the prisoner standing, meantime, in a most defiant attitude.

As the judge concluded, Boisson drew back his arm and hurled something with force at the Court.

At the same time he shouted aloud, addressing himself to the Court and the court attendants in a manner calculated to strike terror to timid hearts:

"You are a crowd of pigs! We will blow you all up!"

The missile thrown was not a bomb, however, but only a piece of hard bread, which struck the Court on the nose.

Had it been a bomb, the excitement for the moment could not have been greater, for many thought that was what it must be and there was a lively ducking behind chairs and benches.

The dignity of the Court was greatly injured, and his nose smarted from the effect of the blow, but evidently thankful that it had been nothing more harmful than it was, he did not inflict further punishment on the prisoner.

Boisson was led out of the room.

"Long live Anarchy!" he yelled, as he was being taken away. "You will feel Paris rocked as by an earthquake before you know it!"

True enough, shortly before nine o'clock on the evening of that same day Paris was paralyzed.

A terrific explosion took place in the Hotel Terminus at the St. Lazare railway station, rocking the building to their foundations.

More than twenty persons, men and women, were injured, and the room in which the explosion occurred was completely wrecked.

The bomb had been filled with bullets and iron scraps.

Yes, a bomb it was.

The drawer of the red ballot had performed his duty.

As usual, innocent men and women were the victims.

An instrumental concert had begun at the cafe at eight o'clock, the room being on the ground floor of the hotel.

Just as the band ended a favorite overture, at a few minutes to nine o'clock, a pale young man with a light, pointed beard paid for a drink which he had taken in the middle of the room.

Having done so, he started to leave the place, but when near the door he turned suddenly and drew a bomb from under his coat and hurled it at a group of persons who had sat next to him, at the same time mut-

tering something which no one distinctly overheard.

His full intention, however, was not realized.

The bomb struck an electric light fixture, and dropped upon a vacant marble table, where it exploded.

Instantly the table was blown to dust and splinters, the mirrors, windows and doors were reduced to fragments, and the great hotel and station were rocked by the terrific shock.

Instantly, too, a dense, offensive smoke filled the place, in the obscurity of which the bomb-thrower escaped.

Leaving the *café*, he started to run down the street, but he was not to get away, for three policemen had just passed in an omnibus when the explosion occurred, going on duty.

Seeing the fugitive running, these officers leaped to the street and started after him, calling out to him to stop and surrender, in response to which the young man turned upon them and opened fire with a revolver.

Great was the excitement.

One of the officers, named Poisson, fell to the ground, badly wounded in the side.

The other two, Lenoir and Bigot, however, continued in pursuit regardless of the bullets, while the fugitive emptied his revolver at them.

As Poisson fell, the assassin stumbled, and almost went headlong to the pavement, but he saved himself and almost instantly fired again at the other policemen and the crowd behind them.

At this shot a woman sunk to the ground, dangerously wounded.

The fugitive fired again and again, and continued to flourish his weapon after he had emptied it.

In another moment another policeman, named Barbes, coming in the opposite direction, struck the assassin a violent blow in the face with the flat of his saber, and the rascal fell.

He was upon his feet again in an instant, however, but by this time the other officers were upon him, when, with the help of Policeman Barbes, and a waiter named Tissier, they overpowered and arrested him.

Not, however, without a fierce and furious struggle.

"Lynch him!" cried the crowd. "Lynch him! Make an example of him!"

And it was only with great difficulty that the policemen prevented the crowd from carrying out their design.

The prisoner was led immediately back to the scene of the explosion.

The room was a sight to behold. Now that three or four minutes had elapsed, the dense smoke was clearing away.

Floor and ceilings had been rent and cracked, five persons were found on the floor severely wounded, while fifteen or twenty others were more or less injured.

The noise of the explosion, together with the cries and groans of the wounded, and the sight of the smoke, had attracted a great crowd, and everybody was terrorized.

The prisoner looked upon the awful scene with perfect composure.

"See what you have done, wretch!" cried one of the officers. "You ought to be drawn and quartered!"

"The more of the *bourgeoisie* I have killed, the better it will please me," was the unfeeling answer. "Long live Anarchy!"

The wonder was that the police got their prisoner away from the infuriated crowd alive, but they did.

He was taken to the police station in the Rue de Moscou, where, after hesitating, he gave his name and age.

He said he was Edouard Breton, twenty three years old.

This was a lie, as the reader will recognize, for he was no other than Emile Henry, the friend of Breton.

He it was who had drawn the red ballot at the time of the drawing in the rendezvous where M. Breton had been arrested, and the thought had come to him to use the name Breton.

The prefect of police was sent for and several other high officials were hastily summoned, and the examination of the prisoner was speedily begun, Police Commissary Gavrel taking the evidence.

The prisoner sat handcuffed between two policemen.

He showed the evidence of his hasty flight and his tussle with the police, but looked otherwise calm and defiant.

The removal of his outer coat had revealed a flannel shirt and the general garb of a workingman, but his soft, white hands gave the lie to such a disguise as that.

He had already been searched, and in his pockets the police had found a pair of brass knuckles, a dagger, a Swedish knife and a six-chambered revolver, besides a gold half-louis, two franc pieces, some sous, and a small silver locket containing a ringlet of brown hair tied with a ribbon.

That locket has to do with our story.

At first he refused to talk, telling the police it was their business to find out who he was and not his to tell.

Presently, he gave his name and age, falsely, as shown, and eventually added that he was a cabinetmaker and had arrived in Paris from Marseilles that morning.

While the examination was in progress, Police agent Houiller entered the room, and at sight of him the prisoner exclaimed:

"Hello, Houiller, that you? I know you well enough."

Detective Houiller said he believed he had seen the man in England, and said he thought he was on the verge of making an important discovery in connection with the case, at which the prisoner smiled.

The police arrived at the conclusion that he must be one of an Anarchist band who had their headquarters at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Meantime the doctors had been doing what they could for the wounded at the scene of the explosion, drugs and bandages being freely supplied from a near-by *pharmacie*. It was a picture that brought to mind the time of the Siege.

And still Broadway Billy and Harry Freeman were languishing in the dismal underground hole in which they had been confined.

But now the time of their liberation was at hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER MYSTERIES INVOLVED.

On the following morning the excitement in Paris had in no wise abated.

Extra officials were on duty everywhere, with watchful eyes upon suspicious characters, and false arrests were numerous.

The prisoner was early taken before an examining magistrate, Judge Meyer, who plied him with questions, to nearly all of which Henry refused to make any answer, and who he was was a police puzzle.

M. Bertillon, chief of the record department of the police, searched through the files for some trace of such a man, but found nothing to prove that the man had ever before been in the hands of the Paris police.

And it was evident that the prisoner did not mean they should know him.

M. Girard, chief of the laboratory, had examined the fragments of the bomb that had been found, and reported that it had been made of a one-pound meat can, and had contained eight ounces of chlorate of potash and picric acid.

The "green powder" used by Vaillant in the bomb which he threw in the Chamber of Deputies was not used in this instance.

The excitement ran through society, from the lowest to the highest, and Paris was in a ferment.

The police, in particular, had their hands more than full.

Not only had they the doings of the Anarchists to contend against, but many private cases of importance were in their hands.

For one, a rich banker named Edouard Helmann had mysteriously disappeared from his home.

And it was reported that Harry Freeman, son of an American resident, together with a friend, was missing.

In police circles it was known that the mentioned "friend" was no other than the noted young American detective, Weston, popularly known as "Broadway Billy," and the prefect of police was putting forth every effort to get some clue to his whereabouts. His best men were on the case.

It was in the afternoon when one of these called at the Prefecture.

"Well, any clue yet?" asked Monsieur Lepine, the prefect.

"A slight clue to M. Helmann—"

"I mean to the two young detectives," the prefect impatiently interrupted.

"Well, no. We are thus far utterly baffled. The last trace of them was when Agent Poiter met them in the carnival demonstration."

"And he informed them of the coming execution of Vaillant, and they started for the Place de la Roquette. I tell you again, sir, give your attention to the Anarchist leaders."

"So we are doing, but after so many arrests the leaders are hard to find."

"Do not come to me again without a clue."

The detective humbly bowed his head.

"Now, what of the banker?" the prefect demanded.

"His case, too, points toward the Anarchist leaders, sire."

"Ha! this is interesting. What do you know? What has been revealed?"

"His daughter, Julie, has discovered threatening letters among her father's papers."

"From Anarchists?"

"Yes."

"Of what nature?"

"A large sum of money has been demanded of him, and the threat was that unless it would be forthcoming at a certain time his bank would be blown up."

"Ah-ha! And has that time passed?"

"It has not."

"When will it expire?"

"February 15th, at noon."

"It is well that we know this much. I will see that Helmann's bank is well guarded on that day and hour. Is that all?"

"Nearly. Strange to say, the banker's child has herself set to work to find her father, and has entered the field as a detective. She declares she will enter the haunts of the Anarchists."

"She must be prevented. She would never come out alive. Should you find her, arrest her and bring her to me."

"As you command, sire."

"Have you heard about Policeman Poisson?"

"No."

"He has been made a member of the Legion of Honor."

"Whew!"

"The fact. M. Raynal, Minister of the Interior, was so highly gratified by his bravery that he proposed to President Carnot that the decoration be conferred upon the officer, and it has been done."

"Good for Poisson! But, why was he found more deserving than the others?"

"Well, it's salve for his wound, you know."

They both laughed.

"And by the way, Breton has admitted that he has been lying. Houiller is of the opinion he had just arrived from London. I'd give much to know who that fellow really is."

"You will know ere long. The men you have put on the case do not recognize the word fail, and they will tear off his mask before twenty four hours roll round."

While they were thus in conversation a man entered.

"Ha! Inspector Duchatel, is it you?" greeted the prefect.

"It is," was the response. "I have unmasked our prisoner at last, thanks to our agents."

"Excellent! But, who is he?"

"His true name is Emile Henry. You know Houiller said he believed he had arrived from London, and I immediately put our agents there on the case. Certain information has been sent me, and I have just confronted the prisoner with the facts. He saw the uselessness of further sham, and has confessed."

"Sooner than I hoped for, inspector. You have done well, and I must compliment you."

"Do not mention it. The fellow has been living in London, but the police had information that he left there on January 18th, and he has since been in Paris. He says he was one of four Anarchists who parted in London in January in consequence of their having been shadowed by French police agents. His lips are sealed concerning the other three, however."

"He ought to be made to tell."

"It is doubtful whether it could be drawn out of him, even by torture."

"Does he admit or deny that he had any help in the work he did at the Hotel Terminus?" the prefect asked.

"He denied that he had any accomplice in causing that explosion. It is my belief, however, that he and the three Anarchists were co-partners in that affair. We shall have them, sooner or later."

"I hope so. Monsieur Raynal, Minister of the Interior, has directed me to arrest many persons suspected of being in sympathy with the Anarchists, and I will supply you with the list. We are going to break this thing up, and Anarchists will be tried and disposed of without loss of time."

"That is the only way to do it."

"Have you any word of Banker Helmann?"

"Not a word. That is a mystery. But, then, our hands are full."

"Nor concerning the two young Americans?"

"Nothing."

"I desire you to give particular attention to the finding of those young men. They must be found, Monsieur Duchatel."

The inspector and the agent took their leave, and M. Lepine went to the depot where Henry was imprisoned, and confronted him in his cell.

"Well, I have unmasked you, my man," he said to him.

"Yes, that was well done, Monsieur le Prefect," was the clever reply.

"And what have you to say for yourself?"

"I am surprised to learn that my bomb did so little damage. That one thrown by Vaillant was infantile, charged with nails; I thought mine loaded with slugs would do deadly work. Slugs are better than nails."

The prisoner then told how he had prepared and thrown his bomb, saying he had held it on his knee while lighting the fuse. He deplored that it had done so little damage, and was very cynical in speaking about the affair.

The prefect talked with him for an hour, after which he was taken to the cabinet of Judge Meyer for further questioning.

Meanwhile all Paris was atremble.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAME OF HEARTS.

MENTION has been made of a silver locket found in possession of Emile Henry, when arrested.

The locket contained a bit of hair tied with a ribbon, and that hair had come from the fair head of pretty Julie Helmann, the daughter of the missing banker.

There was a bit of a love romance in connection.

Julie, while attending one of the numerous private schools of Paris, had met M. Henry when out walking with one of the matrons of the *academie*, and he had drawn her attention.

On the following day he was met again in the same place, and on other occasions as well, and under the very nose of the watchful matron a flirtation was begun and carried on. This led to the exchange of notes, and finally to stolen interviews in the true French fashion.

This brought about several results.

For one thing, the innocent girl came to love the good-looking and rather poetical Anarchist.

She was on dangerous ground, but knew it not, but when she came to know that her lover was an Anarchist, that in a measure put her on her guard.

Other results were, that while M. Henry learned all about Julie, and her father and his business, she in turn picked up a good deal of information concerning the Anarchists and their haunts and numbers.

Julie was not in sympathy with the Anarchists by any means.

Her arguments with Henry were quite warm, but as Henry himself declared that he was only lukewarm she did not turn against him, but tried to convert him from the error of his way.

It was not until the girl had read of his arrest that her eyes were fully opened to his true character.

In the mean time her father had mysteriously disappeared, and she had gone home from the *academie* to comfort her mother, being unable to fix her mind upon anything.

Learning of the arrest of Emile, and seeing him for the first time in his true light, she immediately suspected that the Anarchists had had to do with the disappearance of her father.

A search among his private papers brought to light the letters he had received.

She gave the information to the police immediately.

More than this, she resolved to set to work herself at once and work out the mystery.

She possessed information which she felt sure the police did not have, and in order not to arouse suspicion and so balk her intention, she decided to act alone in the matter.

She would play the detective.

Accordingly, on the day of which the preceding chapter treats, she left her home in disguise.

Borrowing clothes from one of her mother's servants, she appeared on the street as a charming young *grisette* and made her way to one of the lower quarters of the city.

She went straight to the home of Gilbert Plinquet.

Plinquet had a daughter, Suzanne, whom Julie knew, having kept an appointment once with her lover at Plinquet's house.

When she arrived at her destination it was Suzanne who opened the door for her, but the girl did not recognize the charming mademoiselle whom she had seen on the other occasion.

"Don't you know me, Suzanne?" Julie asked.

"I think I have seen you before, but I can't recall where," the answer.

"Well, I do not wonder, in such attire as this, but I am Mademoiselle Fabian, who met Monsieur Henry here on—"

"Oh! now I know you. What a change!"

Julie had used a false name on the oc-

casion of her tryst there with her lover, prudently.

"But, you have heard the terrible news about Monsieur Henry?" Suzanne continued.

"Yes, and it is that that brings me here. I want your help, Suzanne."

"You hope to get him out of the prison?"

"No, no; nor would I if I could; he may lie there and rot, for what I care, the base monster!"

"Mercy me! but your love has changed to hate rather suddenly, has it not?"

"Yes, it has."

"What is the matter?"

"He deceived me—has lied to me."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Help me to find my father."

"Your father?"

"But you do not know, since I have given you a false name—"

"Oh! that was nothing; it was not to be supposed that you would come here under your true name, to meet your Anarchist lover—you a lady."

Julie blushed like fire, but bore the thrust without flinching.

"Can I trust you, Suzanne?" she demanded.

"You can if you want to, mademoiselle."

"I mean, will you be true to me and aid me? My father is in the hands of the Anarchists, and I must rescue him."

"Ha! I begin to see."

"What?"

"I think I know the secret of that hateful Fanchette Gallichon, now."

"That can be nothing to me; I want to know if you will be true to me and aid me, for otherwise I dare not reveal myself to you."

"I will tell you one thing, mademoiselle: If this business of yours has to do with Fanchette Gallichon, and I can get in a thrust at her by aiding you, I will go through fire and water to serve you."

"Why do you hate the Detective Queen?"

"I will tell you that, willingly enough, mademoiselle—"

"Call me simply Julie; I cannot be mademoiselle in such a disguise as this."

"All right, Julie it is. I will tell you that, willingly enough. You have heard of M. Breton?"

"The writer, recently sentenced to prison?"

"The same. He was my lover, and Fanchette was jealous. What did she do but betray him to the police and let them arrest him. If she could not have him herself, she was bound I should not."

"That was spiteful indeed; but are you quite sure—"

"Oh! she denies it, but I am as sure as can be that it was so. How else do you suppose the police agents could have got into the meeting?"

"Well, you ought to know, of course."

"Yes, I do know, and if by aiding you I can get revenge upon that hussy, I will do it only too gladly."

"Then I will trust you, since you have trusted me. All I ask is, if you cannot help me, do not betray me to the Anarchists."

"Well, let me hear what you have to say?"

"My real name is Julie Helmann, and I am the daughter of the banker who is missing—"

"Ho-ho! then I am right. Oh! but it will be sweet to pay Fanchette back in her coin, or as near as may be. I'll bet your father is a prisoner in her keeping. I'll bet he is."

"Oh! if you can only aid me to rescue him!"

"And I will, only too gladly, if it prove true. I know there is some one in the house besides herself, for she carries in food enough for three or four, and she is all the time in disguise. But, then, she is playing the detective, you know."

"I know nothing about her, nor do I

care to know; all I seek is the rescue of my father."

"Well, listen: This is the Rue de —, you know, and the house is number 69, right over there where I can see everything that goes on. Some one is imprisoned there, I am sure, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or else some of the band are there in hiding from the police. But, you and I will find that out. We will go there."

"Yes, yes, and the quicker the better. We can rescue my father, can we not? I have not told the police, for I knew you would not aid me if I brought them with me. I tell you truly."

"A fig for the police! Are they not scouring Paris for Anarchists? I dare say they have made one thousand arrests since the explosion, and out of all that number they have not got more than a score of Anarchists. A fig for them!"

CHAPTER X.

THE BLOODHOUNDS LOOSENERD.

SUZANNE PLINQUET rattled on at length, and Julie did not stop her.

Having won her aid, the banker's child realized that it would be better to allow her to take her time.

"But, there is your father to be rescued," the *grisette* finally exclaimed, as she made pause for breath. "Let us go and pay my adored Fanchette a call immediately, mademoiselle."

"The Detective Queen will recognize you, though, Suzanne."

"Let her. If she can lie faster than I, she must be a most wonderful liar, is all I have to say. Come along."

The young woman had thrown a shawl over her head and was ready, and Julie followed her down the stairs and out into the street.

Suzanne led the way straight to No. 69, diagonally across the street.

Her knocking brought a seeming old crone to the door, who demanded in a high cracked voice to know what was wanted.

"This young woman wants to find your father," snapped Suzanne, shortly.

"Who is she?"

"Julie Fabian, a daughter of one of the faithful."

"I believe you are lying to me. I know no one by the name of Fabian belonging to us."

"It is not to be supposed that you know everybody and everything, smart as you are, Fanchette Gallichon—"

"*Chut!* No real names, fool!"

"Then let us in where we can talk without fear. I have no love for you, but that need not stand in the way of duty."

"Come in, then."

These last words had disarmed whatever suspicion the Detective Queen entertained, and she stepped back and allowed the girls to enter, closing the door after they had done so.

"Now, is your father here?" Suzanne demanded.

"He is not."

"Well, is Paul Bernard here, then?"

"He is not."

"Who, then, is here? Julie must find one of the leaders immediately."

"How about your own father, then, Suzanne Plinquet. Why will not he answer, as well as my father or Bernard?"

"Gone to London, that's why."

"Well, there's no one here but me, and I cannot tell you where you will find my father or Paul Bernard."

"A useful detective you are, then, truly. But, laying our hatred aside, do not deceive us, for from what Julie says this matter is highly important."

"I am not deceiving you, wench. I am the only person in the house."

"Thank you, hussy. If that is the case,

we will take care of you and see for ourselves who is here. Now, Julie!"

Suzanne had sprung upon Fanchette while speaking, and called upon Julie for aid, which was promptly given, and the little Paris Detective Queen was thrown to the floor.

"Now I'll pay you for robbing me of Breton," Suzanne hissed in the ear of her hated rival. "Give me your garters, Julie, and take off mine, while I hold the hussy, and we'll bind her with them till we can find something stronger. How do you like it, Fanchette?"

The pretty Detective Queen did not offer to make any outcry, but she struggled desperately.

"Why don't you cry out?" Suzanne taunted. "I am sure the police would come to your aid."

"Fool!" panted Fanchette. "What do you intend to do?"

"See who is in this house."

"I have told you—there is no one here, no one save prisoners."

"Just what we are looking for," declared Suzanne, while Julie bound the feet of their victim with the articles Suzanne had named. "Maybe they have been prisoners long enough."

"Are you false to the cause, wench?"

"No more so than are you, hussy. Did you not allow the hated spies to enter the meeting and arrest my lover?"

"No, I did not, I swear it. These prisoners are detectives, and if you release them you will only strike a blow at our cause, and get our leaders into trouble. Have sense, Suzanne Plinquet."

"We have sense enough to investigate for ourselves, anyhow. Now, tie her hands, Julie, and she will be safe."

This was quickly done.

Still they did not consider their prisoner quite safe enough.

Suzanne explored around until she had found some stout strings, with which they made the Queen doubly secure.

"Now for your keys," cried Suzanne.

She thrust her hand into the Detective Queen's pocket and brought out a ring of keys, laughing as she shook them in the face of her prisoner.

"Ta-ta, ma-belle Fanchette," she cried.

"Now the house is ours and we will explore it from cellar to roof. First, however, we will make secure the front door, so no one can interrupt us."

She secured the door, and then, with the aid of Julie, dragged her prisoner on her back the length of the hall and left her lying at the far end.

There they came to the broad, stone stairs, and finding a candle on a shelf, with some matches, made a light.

"Now, to begin at the bottom," said Suzanne, leading the way.

"What a horrible hole!" cried Julie, as the damp, foul air came out at that moment.

"Not a very pleasant prison for a fond father, my dear."

"Heaven grant that I may find him, even here."

They descended to the bottom, and stooping under the low beams, set out to search the dismal hole.

"Who are you?" asked a voice.

"First, who are you?" demanded Suzanne.

"We are prisoners here. God grant that you have come to release us."

"Is that his voice?" whispered Suzanne, turning to Julie.

"No, it is not my father's voice," the reply.

"Then we'll see who it is."

They advanced in the direction whence the voice had come, and came to where two young men were chained to one of the supports of the building.

These, as the reader knows, were Broadway Billy and his French side-partner.

They were weary, worn, haggard in looks, and wretched; in fact, almost utterly worn out and sick.

Suzanne held up the candle while she took a look at their faces.

Julie availed herself of the opportunity and took the same privilege, and an exclamation escaped her lips.

"Poor fellows!"

"Have you come to free us?" asked Harry.

"Not much!" answered Suzanne. "You are foes to Anarchy, or you would not be here."

"Which of you is looking for her father?" inquired Broadway Billy, glancing from one to the other as he put the question. He had heard the remarks exchanged between them.

"It is I," cried Julie, eagerly.

"Then you have only to free us, and we will aid you in finding him," Billy urged.

"And we happen to have a clue that will lead to his discovery," declared Harry, catching on immediately and taking up the cue.

"Oh! Suzanne, you will release them, then?" Julie cried.

"Oh, no, you must not expect that; I did not promise anything of the kind. I will help you look further."

"Yes, but think what a revenge this would be against your rival," Julie urged. "She would be blamed for their escape, and you would be able—"

"No, no, you are talking wild, mademoiselle. My father might be the first one they would arrest when freed, and anyhow, they could strike Anarchy a blow, for no doubt they hold secrets—"

She had turned as she spoke, placing herself just a few inches nearer to the prisoners, and at that instant Broadway Billy seized her.

He and Harry had the use of their hands, and Harry lent his aid at once and the keys were taken from her hand. Then, while Billy still held her, Harry found the right key and removed the locks from the chains around their waists.

They were free at last, and now it was their inning in the game.

CHAPTER XI.

BEGINNING OF THE INNING.

"Now, young ladies, what is to be done with you?" asked Harry Freeman.

"Suppose you will do as you please with us," answered Suzanne, defiantly. "I don't care, for myself."

"And what of you?" inquired Billy, turning to Julie.

"Keep your promise and aid me to find my father, sirs," the young lady pleaded. "You know I was in favor of having you released at once. I am glad you are free, and hope you will aid me."

"We must hear your story."

"But, first of all, to get out of here," cried Harry. "Another twenty-four hours of this, and we should have had fever."

They left the dismal hole immediately.

"Hello! here is our jaileress!" exclaimed Billy, as they came to the landing above.

"And a prisoner!" echoed Harry. "My fair Fanchette, we will take a little revenge out of you, I think, for the treatment you have given us."

"You will be brutes if you do that," answered the Detective Queen.

"All men are brutes, in the mind of women."

"What would you be now if I had not fed you well?" the girl demanded.

"That is a redeeming feature in your favor," Harry admitted. "We will do the same by you, and confine you in a far more comfortable place."

Billy released her feet, and allowed her to stand.

"Which way—where to?" asked Harry.

"To the upper room," answered Billy.

"Maybe our weapons are still there."

They went up the next stairs, taking their three female prisoners with them, and entered the room where Harry and Billy had been entrapped.

Here they secured Fanchette to a chair, then Suzanne, but Julie was allowed her freedom.

"I must find some brandy, to put life in me, the first thing," said Harry as he searched around.

"You are welcome to it," said Billy, "but none for me. Then, too, it would be unsafe to drink what you might find here. What we need is a pint of hot milk apiece."

"And I will get it for you, if you will allow me to leave the house," cried Julie, eagerly.

"Thank you, if you are honest, but we must first hear your story," keenly alive to the situation at once. "To let you out of our sight is to place our lives in your hands."

"Listen, then, and I will tell you everything."

This she did, withholding nothing, and Billy and Harry were fully satisfied.

Thus, too, they came to learn of the latest doings in Anarchist circles—far as the latter were known.

Of course, the Detective Queen had tauntingly told them all about the explosion in the Hotel Terminus.

"We trust you," said Billy and Harry together. "We will take hold of this matter," Billy added, "and if your father is living we will hunt him out and restore him to you."

"And now for the milk," urged Harry.

Julie took a pitcher and went out, and Billy and Harry set about taking the first wash they had been able to take in several days.

When they were done they felt decidedly better, and as they had been well fed during their imprisonment, as we have seen, they felt almost like themselves again, and it needed only a copious draught of the hot milk to complete the change.

"Now, Richard is himself again, even if his name is Willyum," cried Billy, as he stretched his arms and expanded his chest. "How is it with you, Harry?"

"My name is Richard, too," was the prompt and jolly response.

Their two girl prisoners had much to say during this time, which we have no space to quote.

They were bitter against each other, and the names they applied to one another were not by any means choice.

Billy and Harry found their weapons in a cupboard of the room, where their captors had deposited them.

"Now, what will you do?" urged Julie Helmann.

"To get out of here is the next thing in order, mademoiselle."

"And what about these girls?"

"Take them with us."

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"Name it."

"That you will allow Suzanne Plinquet to go free."

"Well, that will much depend upon herself," said Broadway Billy. "I have no objection to it."

"The reason I ask it, she was willing to aid me to find my father, and it is really to her that you owe your liberty, too."

"That's the fact, I guess."

"It wasn't so much to favor you, mademoiselle," declared Suzanne, honestly, "as it was to get even with this hussy here. All the same I'd like to go free."

Broadway Billy and Harry had heard enough to give them a thorough understanding of the woe matter.

They knew how bitterly Suzanne hated Fanchette, and felt that they could trust her.

"And we will let you go free, Suzanne," said Billy, "if you will promise us one thing."

"And what is that?"

"That you will keep secret what you know concerning our escape."

"Not likely that I would tell upon myself."

"But, wait till I get free," cried Fanchette. "Then we will see what will happen to you, wench."

"You are not free yet."

"Nor will you be for some days to come," added Harry. "We owe you one, my beautiful Detective Queen, for leading us into this trap. But, what is to be done with her, Billy?"

"Mademoiselle Helmann must help us out."

"You have only to tell me how," cried Julie, eagerly.

"The young woman must be made a prisoner in your house," Billy proposed.

"It shall be done."

"And all we ask is, that she be well fed and well cared for, and that she be not allowed to escape."

"Escape will be impossible. All I need to do will be to tell the servants she has had to do with my father's disappearance, and that will be enough. They will watch her every moment."

"Then we need look no further for her prison," declared Billy.

"But, do you promise, Suzanne?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I promise. I will say nothing of what has happened, if you, on your part, will promise me that you will spare my father, Gilbert Plinquet."

"We have to come to your terms," answered Billy. "We will do nothing against him directly, unless to prevent his throwing bombs."

"My father is not one of the bomb-throwers. Release me, and I will keep my *parole d'honneur*."

She was freed.

"You will come to grief for this, you false trollop," cried the Detective Queen with a vengeful look.

"Not while you are under restraint, anyhow, true trollop," retorted Suzanne, equally as vengefully and as spitefully.

"Well, enough of this," said Harry. "We must be off. To make your revenge complete, Suzanne, you must help us to get away with our prisoner, and that unseen."

"Yes, we must use you," said Billy.

"I will serve you. Now that I am in for it, I may as well suffer for a big pig as a little one. Only direct me."

"Go down to the street, you and Julie, and see that the coast is clear. If clear, engage a hackney coach."

"Consider it done. Come along, Julie."

The two left the room.

"If you will free me," said Fanchette, now, "I will tell you where the banker is imprisoned."

"You are not to be trusted," said Billy. "You might tell us, but yet spirit him away before we could find him. You are more to be feared than a dozen Suzannes."

Thanking him for the compliment, the girl said no more, and Billy made a thorough exploration of the house while the cab was waited for. When it came, the prisoner was put into it and all except Suzanne drove to the residence of Bunker Helmann.

CHAPTER XII.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

M. LEPINE, the prefect of police, was seated in his office talking with some of his inspectors and other officials.

While they were thus engaged, a veiled young lady entered the room.

That she was young was evident immediately to the eyes of such men, for her form was supple and her step elastic.

"Do I address Monsieur le Prefect?" she made inquiry.

"I am he," answered M. Lepine. "Pray lift your veil that I may know who you are, mademoiselle."

"Ha! how know you that I am a mademoiselle?" the caller asked in some surprise. "Certainly there is nothing in my attire that can reveal it to you, sire."

The word, as she used it, was complimentary.

"How do I know? I see that you are young, your voice shows culture, your language exhibits education, the boot you wear is not in accord with the dress you have donned— In short I take you to be mademoiselle Helmann."

The girl instantly threw up her veil, showing a charming face that had upon it an expression of surprise.

"Your guess is correct, however you have been able to reach the conclusion," she admitted. "I come to bring you important information, Monsieur le Prefect."

"That is what we are in need of, mademoiselle. I have been told that you set out to play the detective. Has it been your good fortune to discover your missing father?"

The others present were looking on and listening in wonder.

Few could clearly see how the prefect had read so much in the girl's appearance, and in so very brief a time, save the inspectors and detectives of ripe experience.

"No, sad to say, I have not been able to find him," the young lady made reply, "but I have been instrumental in finding and releasing two young gentlemen, one of whom is the famous young American detective—"

"What! you have rescued Broadway Billy?"

"And his friend, Harry Freeman."

"Thank God for that! It was my intention to place you under restraint, my dear, and hinder you from exposing yourself to danger. I shall not do so now. You are a detective such as I may have reason to be proud of, and you may continue in the work you have undertaken."

"Oh! thank you, sir."

"But, tell me, where did you find these prisoners?"

"In the house No. 69, Rue de —, where I went to search for my father. I found them chained in the cellar."

All eyes were wide open with surprise, and all looked upon the brave girl with admiration.

"This is remarkable, quite remarkable," ejaculated the prefect, "and the more so, since we have been searching for them for days. How came you to discover them, my fair detective?"

"That is something I do not care to disclose."

"And where are they now?"

"That is a part of the information I have for you, monsieur."

"Then let me hear what the information is, and at once. Your service shall not be lightly forgotten."

"I may speak freely before these gentlemen?"

"You may."

"Well, I am here from Broadway Billy and his friend, to give you information that will place the famous Paul Bernard in your hands."

"Wonderful!" cried the prefect.

Similar exclamations escaped the lips of the others.

"A man we have been searching for everywhere," the prefect added. "He is one of the Anarchist chiefs."

"But, this information?" reminded one of the inspectors.

"Yes, true enough, we have not heard that yet," the prefect concurred. "We are eager to hear what further you have to say, mademoiselle."

"It is this, Monsieur le Prefect: Broadway Billy has ascertained that Paul Bernard

will be at a certain place at a certain hour this evening, and there your men can arrest him."

"The place and the time?"

These were given.

"But, how will our men recognize him, mademoiselle?"

"Broadway Billy and his friend and partner will be on hand, in disguise, and they will indicate him."

"And how are we to know them? They will be in disguise, you say."

"They will be walking arm in arm behind the Anarchist, and will be known by that sign. They will point out the man, so there can be no mistake."

"Very good," said the prefect. "Monsieur Paul Bernard will be taken in."

"Further," said Julie, "your men must not expose Broadway Billy and his *aide*, for they themselves will be out upon detective duty. They are playing the parts of Anarchists."

"How can they do that, when they have been prisoners?"

"They were being held under suspicion, and it is now their object to regain full confidence."

"I see."

"Here is a sealed letter for you, Monsieur le Prefect."

"Ha!"

"It is from Broadway Billy, written by Harry Freeman. It will convey private information to you, and will tell you further of their plans."

"Thanks to you, Mademoiselle Julie Helmann. It is hard to say which is deserving of the more praise, you or this young American detective. Anyhow, your part in it shall not be forgotten."

The girl blushed.

"Do not mention it, I pray," she waived. "And, may I ask a question, Monsieur le Prefect?"

"As many as you like."

"What have you learned about your prisoner, Emile Henry?"

She blushed all the more, as she put this question, but none of those present knew why.

"We have learned all about him, mademoiselle, from the hour of his birth to the present moment," the prefect made answer. "His last places of residence in Paris were single lodgings in the Place de la République and in the Rue Very. Within the last six months he has been in America, where he was imprisoned for a brief time for some cause."

And the prefect continued, giving a sketch of the man as if reading it from a newspaper.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARREST OF BERNARD.—IN THE CAFE.

It had been the intention of Julie Helmann, when she put her question, to inquire about the silver locket containing the lock of hair.

By the time the prefect had done, however, she had decided not to do so, for it would be impossible, she recognized, for her to mention it at all and yet keep the secret from such a man.

She finished her business there, and took her leave.

A shadower followed her.

This was for no other purpose than for her protection, for the prefect knew better than she the dangers she was risking.

In the evening the street before the *cafe* in the Hotel Terminus was again crowded with people, as it had been almost ever since the explosion occurred, except when the police had broken up the throng of curious men and dispersed them.

In the crowd on this evening were many of the police agents in disguise, all of them keenly on the alert.

Some of them were there with a particular object in view.

Finally these latter caught sight of two young workingmen, as they appeared to be, coming down the street arm in arm.

They did not appear to be drunk, yet the impression given was that they had imbibed just half a glass too much at their last stopping-place. They were quiet and orderly.

Looking just ahead of these, the police agents saw a neatly-dressed young man, carrying a cane.

The agents made themselves known by a secret signal.

Immediately the two young workingmen responded, and indicated that the young man with the cane was their suspect: or more properly, that he was Paul Bernard, of whom the prefect had been informed.

The first the Anarchist chieftain realized of the conspiracy was when, four men pressed up against him from as many sides, and he was seized.

"What means this?" he blustered. "Hands off, impudent sirs!"

"It means that you are our prisoner, Paul Bernard," was the quiet information given him.

His cane was taken from him, and a pair of handcuffs were on his wrists before he could make the least resistance.

The cane, as was discovered immediately, was a sword cane.

He might have used it, had he been given opportunity.

So quickly and so quietly had the arrest been made, that few in the crowd were aware of it at all.

The two young workingmen went on their way, and the secret agents took their prisoner to the nearest station without loss of time, and without any crowd following at their heels.

In the station the prisoner was searched.

Letters from Vaillant were found in his possession, which furnished proof that he had been concerned in the recent outrage in the Chamber of Deputies.

On the following morning the news that Bernard had been arrested was like a bomb in the Anarchists' camp. They could not believe it true that so alert a leader had been taken.

Nor was that the only bomb of surprise for them.

The discovery was made that the prisoners in the house No. 69 Rue de — had escaped.

Their Detective Queen, Fanchette, too, was missing, and altogether they felt that the tide of fortune had set in strongly against them and their wild cause.

Fanchette, meantime, was a prisoner in the home of Bunker Helmann.

She had been questioned, urged and threatened, but all to no purpose.

Whatever she knew she meant to hold.

She intimated that she knew of the whereabouts of the missing banker, but whether she did or not was a question.

She was well cared for, but at the same time well guarded, and she was sullen and uncommunicative.

It was still the same with Emile Henry, the Anarchist.

While the police now knew all about him, they had been unable to draw out of him any of the secrets he held.

Judge Meyer, the examining magistrate, examined him closely, fairly pounding him with questions, but the prisoner would tell nothing.

All efforts to worm information out of him failed.

"It is useless for you to question me," he declared. "I will not answer you."

This day was an exciting one.

Toward the close of the day, two men and a woman entered one of the poorer *cafes* on the Rue des —.

It would have been hard to determine just

what their station in life was, for while they looked to be working people a closer look at them gave the lie to that idea.

They were younger than they appeared at first glance.

The youngest was the woman, who, to any one who observed closely, soon appeared to be rather a school miss than a woman.

With the men it was not so easy to determine, yet it could not be concealed that both were muscular, sturdy fellows. The clothes of all were beyond their years, and ill-fitted became them.

They called for a cheap dinner.

Their appearance went to indicate that they were far from prosperous.

While they were eating, a waiter passed through the room with a dinner prepared upon a tray.

It was quite like a tray prepared to send out to some office on the street, but instead of going in that direction the man carried it to the rear, where he disappeared by a small door.

Immediately the trio at the table rose and followed after him.

The two men led the way, the woman—or girl—following them, and all proceeded along a passage upon which the door opened.

The strange thing about them was that their feet made no sound on the floor, or the very slightest only if any at all, and the door had been closed after them without noise.

It had been hooked on the inside, too.

A man who had observed their action, followed them quickly to the door, but he found it secure.

In haste he went to another man in the *cafe*, with whom he talked a few moments, when both went out in haste, one even without his hat.

Meantime the three had followed the waiter along the passage and down a narrow staircase, and were not observed by him until he had opened the door of a newly made closet below.

"Ha! what want you here?" the fellow demanded.

"We simply want to see what you have in there," the foremost of the young men answered.

The waiter had put the tray on the floor while he opened the door of the closet, so to call it, and now he sprung to reclose the door, but Broadway Billy caught hold of his wrist and brought him to his knees with a howl.

CHAPTER XIV.

BILLY DOCTORS A DIFFICULTY.

BROADWAY BILLY it was, and his companions were Harry Freeman and Julie Helmann.

Billy and Harry had been actively at work, and none the less so Julie herself, and they had obtained a clue to the whereabouts of M. Helmann.

That clue they had followed up, and it had led them to this *cafe*, which, as had not been known before, was one of the meeting places of the Anarchists of Paris, a secret rendezvous.

Not that they all came here for a meeting at any time, but here the leaders of the various groups came together.

And from here, too, went forth the secret calls to meetings elsewhere.

Now, however, a step further had been taken.

"Never mind closing that door," said Broadway Billy as he brought the fellow to the ground. "We'll attend to that ourselves."

Seeing that Billy needed no help to master the fellow, Harry passed him and looked in at the newly made closet, or small room—though it could hardly be called a room.

Julie was right behind him.

As they looked, a surprising thing happened.

They saw, at a glance, that a man was there, a prisoner. More than that, the girl immediately recognized him as her father.

"Papa!" she joyously cried.

"My child! my child!" the banker responded.

The same instant a surprising thing happened, as said. The wall behind the prisoner opened, and he disappeared from view.

The opening was closed as quickly as it had opened, and it was done so suddenly that there was no time for Harry to take any action to prevent. It was a surprise complete.

"My father! oh! my father!" screamed the girl, and springing forward she attempted to push open the place in the wall.

It was as solid as any other part of the wall, apparently, as Harry found on immediately adding his strength to that of the young woman. They could make no impression.

"What's up?" asked Broadway Billy.

"The deuce is to pay," answered Harry. "They have outdone us, sure."

Billy, dragging the man he was holding, quickly covered the two paces between himself and the door.

"Where's the man I heard speak?" he asked.

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"Through the wall right here."

"See here," and Billy gave his prisoner another wrench that brought out another howl of pain. "Can you open this place?"

"No, no; no one can open it from this side. You can never find the man now, for they can get him out and away before you get on track of them. This was what they were prepared for."

"This is too bad, cried Harry. "Now we have got the work all to do over again."

"Yes, and we must get out of here and save our skins," added Billy.

"You are too late," said their prisoner.

"How so?"

"You are fastened in here, now. You have gone a step too far."

"Then it will be mighty rough on you if we don't get out, that's all," declared Billy, grimly.

"They will not care what you do to me, so long as they hold you. I am innocent, and it will do you no good to torture me for what I could not help."

"If we don't get out we will make somebody ripe for the Turnip Field, that is as sure as you live," added Harry, to Billy's declaration. "If you know of any way, you had better name it, quick."

Harry drew a revolver and presented it at the head of the terrified waiter.

"I don't, I don't," the fellow piteously cried. "I am as helpless as you are, and am likely to share the same fate, for what will they care for me? But, you have not tried the door by which you came down. Had I been free I should have run out that way instantly."

"Come," called Julie, rousing to action. "We must not delay a single moment longer."

She ran up the stairs, Harry after her, while Billy followed them with the prisoner, to whom he was still holding, determined that he should play them no trick.

All had weapons now in hand.

The moment the girl came to the top of the stairs she unhooked and tried the door, only to find that it had been secured.

At that same moment, too, they all detected a strong smell of gas, which had not been present before, and immediately Julie Helmann cried:

"They mean to kill us with gas!"

"Not if we know it," said Broadway Billy, quietly.

"How can you hinder?" gasped the terri-

fied waiter, pale to the lips. "There is no way of getting at it to close it off."

"You seem to know all about it."

"I have heard it spoken of, but that is all I know."

"Do you know the spot where it comes from?"

"No, I do not, sirs."

"Well, that need not trouble us greatly. Don't be alarmed, Miss Julie; I will soon doctor this difficulty."

Billy took a match-safe from his pocket.

"Hold your breath now," he admonished, "and I'll touch her off."

Even as he spoke he lighted a match, but there was no result. The gas had not become dense enough to ignite.

"How you frightened me!" cried Julie. "I thought we should be all blown up. We must get out of here alive, else what will become of poor papa?"

"We'll get out, never fear."

Billy tried to detect whence the gas was coming, but could not do so at first, from where they stood.

He believed that it must come from below, however.

He descended the steps, having released his prisoner, of whom he had no fear now.

It was plain that the fellow was to share their fate.

The smell of gas was less distinct at the bottom of the steps, but that did not prove that it did not come from below. Being lighter than the air, it would rise as fast as it appeared.

He lighted other matches as he passed along the walls, and suddenly there was a flash and an explosion.

Not that it made much noise or did any damage; it was merely a loud puff; but it revealed the secret of the escaping gas, and a banner of flame now spurted forth out of a corner.

"Good for you!" cried Harry in English.

"We have nipped that little game in the bud, anyhow," said Billy laughing.

"And now we must look out for something worse," spoke Julie, in fear. "They mean to kill us, I am sure."

"Let them come on," cried Billy. "We can play at that game, I think, too."

Voces were now heard on the opposite side of the wall, and something that sounded very like swearing.

"They don't think well of what we have done, evidently," laughed Billy.

"Not very well, I take it," responded Harry. "But, come, we must not wait for something worse to happen. We have plenty of light, let's try to find a way out of the trap."

"Let's try the coal-hole in front," suggested Julie.

"Ha! I did not think of that," exclaimed the waiter. "Maybe it is still unlocked; coal was put in this morning."

"Lead the way to it then, fellow," Billy ordered.

This the waiter gladly did, and it was discovered that the cover to the hole was still unfastened.

Just as Billy was about to lay hands upon it, however, after he had climbed up on the heap of coal underneath, a bolt shot into place and it was secured.

"Too late!" gasped the waiter. "It fastens from the front of the *cafe* over our heads, and they have thought to fasten it."

"Well, here's for that door at the top of the stairs, then," cried Billy. "We are going out of here, or we are going to know the reason why. Come on, Harry, and you, waiter."

He led the way, and they went up the stairs at a run.

Reaching the top, they threw themselves against the door with a force that made it creak.

Once, twice, three times—and four, and then there was a crash and the door was car-

ried off its hinges and went to the floor in the *cafe*, Billy and the others appearing headlong.

CHAPTER XV.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST.

THE pounding against the door had somewhat alarmed those in the *cafe*.

They had previously noticed great activity on the part of some persons, and their curiosity had been aroused.

In all such places, at this time, everybody was on the alert for bomb-throwers, and it needed but a little out of the usual to create almost a panic anywhere in the city.

When the door came down and the three men came headlong into the room, all the patrons of the place were found upon their feet.

Many of them were pale, and some had made a hasty exit.

Julie Helmann followed the three men immediately, and the moment they were out they appeared calm.

No one appeared to oppose them, and had they not known only too well that it was real, they might have been deceived into thinking they had been having something of a nightmare.

They lost no time in taking action, however.

There was a telephone in the front part of the room, and Harry Freeman stepped immediately to that.

His call was answered, and he asked for a certain number and letter, which was promptly given him.

Those who heard what he said were surprised to hear him call for police aid.

Some men in the place started to leave.

Broadway Billy, however, blocked their way, with drawn revolvers.

"Stay where you are," he called out to them. "You have nothing to dread in the coming of the police, if you are innocent."

The crowd fell back, for the manner of man who confronted them demanded it, and this American way of meeting such an emergency was new to most of them. It was different from police sabers.

"Must we wait, and lose time?" asked Julie.

"See no help for it," answered Harry.

"But, what will become of papa?"

"Hard to tell where he is, by this time, but we will find him sooner or later, never fear."

"I do fear, that it will be too late."

"I hope not."

Sooner than might have been looked for, a detachment of police appeared upon the spot.

To their leader Harry quickly and briefly explained the situation, and they took charge of the *cafe* and all within its doors.

An inspector appeared a few minutes later, who joined Billy and Harry in an investigation of the secret door in the wall, which occupied some time and which was not readily discovered.

It was found that it opened into the cellar of the adjoining building, but there no trace of M. Helmann or his captors could be found.

Nor did the arrests in the *cafe* amount to anything significant.

Out of all present, only two were held.

The proprietor of the place, however, was missing, and its doors were closed, by the authorities.

By the way, this was the day for the blowing up of the bank of M. Helmann.

According to his promise, the prefect of police had a good force of secret agents on hand at the noon hour.

Suspicious persons were closely watched.

It would have been next to impossible for any one to have thrown a bomb, for at the first move in that direction a hand would have detained him.

The noon hour came, and passed, and the building was still safe.

It was easy to conceive that the plans of the Anarchists had been changed, and that the banker had been taken instead.

Their mode of operation upon him had been altered.

No doubt he was now held until he would in some manner agree to pay his own ransom, or in some way give surety for a certain amount.

The hour of noon passed, as said, and no explosion took place.

All the secret agents were in disguise, and it was not likely that one of them could be recognized.

This, then, was not the reason why no bomb was thrown, but rather the reason we have stated.

However, an arrest was to follow, as we will now proceed to set forth in words.

It was nearing half-past twelve, when two suspicious-looking characters appeared on the scene.

They were roughly dressed, and their ages could not be readily guessed.

Maybe they were young, maybe middle-aged.

They looked at almost every man they met, as they neared the bank, and seemed to be particularly suspicious of all who were loitering around the building.

One of the fellows had his right hand concealed under his coat, and seemed to be carrying something which he did not care to have seen.

What that something was the suspicious observer might guess.

That is to say, such an observer would decide that it must be a bomb.

Would that be right?

Let us see.

They came on, and as they neared the bank a man walked close behind them with noiseless step.

This man had on soft rubber soles, and was not to be heard, and he was within touch of either of the fellows by merely putting out his arm. Still he did not appear to be interested in them.

Had they turned and caught him, he would have passed straight on without so much as looking at them.

Another, however, would have filled his place.

On they came, till nearly opposite the door, when the two increased their pace.

Another step or two, and one of the fellows drew his hand suddenly from under his coat and raised his arm as if to throw something into the bank.

But, he never threw it.

The man behind him caught his arm, and immediately four or five other men were upon the two, and they were quickly handcuffed.

They resisted, but that was useless, and before a crowd could collect to learn what was the excitement they were pressed into a hackney coach and driven off in haste to the Police Headquarters.

Arriving at the Prefecture, they were taken immediately before the prefect.

"Hal! what have we here?" the prefect asked.

"Two men who have just made the attempt to blow up Helmann's bank," was the answer.

"Caught in the act?"

"Yes, fairly; here is the bomb they would have thrown."

The officer held up to view something that looked very like what a bomb could be imagined to be.

"Take care not to drop that," the prefect cautioned earnestly. "What names do they give?"

"They will give no names, but we take one to be an Englishman and another an American."

"That is the case, eh? I will examine them in private."

The prefect motioned that they were to be taken into his private room, and thither they were conducted, while he followed them.

The door was closed, and immediately the prisoners were allowed to sit down, their captors moving away from them and taking seats themselves, and the prefect demanded:

"Well, young gentlemen, what do you know?"

"That we are your prisoners now, Monsieur le Prefect," one answered.

M. Lepine smiled.

"And prisoners of whom I am proud, too, Broadway Billy and Harry Freeman. I presume there is nothing dangerous about this bomb, is there?"

All laughed as the prefect tossed the bomb into a corner.

"We have some information for you, sir," spoke up Billy.

The reader had guessed, no doubt, who these were.

"And what is that, Mr. Weston?"

"There is a plot to blow up the Greenwich Observatory, near London, and it is to be done this day."

"Morbleu! but that must be prevented, if possible. Tell me what you know about it, and I will telegraph immediately to the authorities."

"An agent named Bourdin—Martial Bourdin, who went to London early this month, from Paris, has sent word to Anarchists here what is going to be done, and so we come to know of it."

"Yes," continued Harry, who could speak the language better, "this man is to do the work himself, and will place his bomb about dark this evening. A guard on hand at the Observatory can prevent it if they are watchful. This is all we can tell you about the matter, but it is enough."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

NOTIFIED by the Paris police, the London police had men on guard at the Observatory that night.

Just after nightfall, the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London Bridge, heard a loud explosion.

A hasty search led to the discovery of a man on the hill-top near the Observatory, greatly mutilated and loudly groaning with pain.

His legs were shattered, one arm had been blown from his body, and he was almost completely disemboweled.

As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to kill him.

In a few minutes afterward he became insensible, and ten minutes after being taken to the Seaman's Hospital he died.

English and French papers were found in his pockets.

And this was the Martial Bourdin of whom Broadway Billy and his side-partner had given information.

The police made an investigation immediately of the man's life in London, and it was found that he had been concerned in a dangerous plot, the full details of which could not be learned at once.

No mention was made in the press of the private "pointer" that had been telegraphed from Paris.

Broadway Billy, away in Paris, was still serving London as well.

It was stated, however, that the occupants of a club-house in Windmill street had been in active communication with Anarchists on the Continent.

Emile Henry, who threw the bomb in the *cafe* of the Hotel Terminus, had visited them not long since, and it was believed that here he had obtained the explosives which he used in his bomb.

On the following morning the newspapers in Paris contained a full account of this affair.

The account of the arrest before Helmann's bank was set forth, and the names of the prisoners were given as William Mast and Henri Coutant, one an American and the other a Londoner.

This was like a bomb to the Anarchists.

They had discovered the escape of their prisoners, of course, and were mystified at the disappearance of their Detective Queen.

Here these very prisoners had been found trying to blow up Helmann's bank, and it must be, they reasoned, that Fanchette, the Detective Queen, was at the back of it all, in some manner.

But, it seemed, the police were at loss to know what to do with the prisoners they had taken, for, apparently, the fellows were either playing a double role, or were really police agents themselves.

This latter was what they claimed to be, but there was the absence of proof.

They claimed they had no intention of throwing the bomb, but as it was said to be a real bomb, and ready for doing much mischief, this plea was discredited.

Unless proof was forthcoming for what they claimed, they would certainly have to suffer as Anarchists.

Really, there was little doubt, but the police were willing to give them the chance to produce proof if they could.

The reader will detect the subtle game—the detectives were playing, with the aid of the prefect.

The proof was not forthcoming, and the prisoners were committed to jail.

In the mean time the police had been active in their search for the missing banker.

He, however, had vanished utterly.

Julie Helmann was untiring in her work, and the police were acting upon every clue they could get hold of.

Still the matter was a mystery, and it was feared that the banker had been put out of the way.

At length, however, came word from Broadway and Harry that he was living.

They, in jail, had learned more than those without.

Among other things, they had got upon track of the hunchback, Meunier, who had been missing for some time, and for whom the police were looking everywhere.

In a secret communication to the prefect, they informed him that Meunier was in London, and gave his address. The next day would see Billy and Harry set free, their sentences having been light.

Acting upon this information, the prefect notified the London police, and the result was that Meunier and an accomplice were arrested.

They, however, had got wind of the fact that the police were after them, and tried to get out of London secretly.

They were conveyed in a closed cab to the Liverpool Street station, from where they intended to go as quickly as possible to Antwerp.

Inspector Melville, however, had his eye upon them, and was in waiting for them on the platform of the station, and the moment they reached there his hand fell upon Meunier's shoulder.

The hunchback shook the hand off immediately and started to run away, but after a few steps he was grasped firmly by the inspector's hand upon his collar.

He fought desperately, but the porters and several persons from the crowd aided the inspector, and he soon had him hand-cuffed.

The other had made a dash down the platform, meantime, but had been tripped and pounced upon before he could get away.

The whole station was in an uproar till the inspector drove off with his prisoners.

Another excellent mark for Broadway Billy and his aide.

The crime for which Meunier was arrested, and for which the police of three countries had been looking for him for two years, was that of causing the explosion in the *Café Very*, Paris, in which the proprietor was killed.

Yet another piece of information furnished by the young Americans, was that an explosion was to take place immediately in Paris.

Another red ballot had been drawn, and another bomb delivered.

But, the most vital of all, it could not be said who had drawn the ballot.

Nor, either, the place that was in danger.

The police were alert.

Suspicious persons were watched, but it was impossible that their eyes could be everywhere.

At a quarter past nine in the evening an explosion took place on the window sill of the Restaurant Foyot, in the Rue de Conde, near the Luxembourg, at a time when the restaurant was two-thirds full of late diners.

Pieces of the bomb flew through the room, demolishing glass and crockery, and the end of the room facing the Rue de Conde was partly wrecked.

The window sill and two or three feet of wall were blown out, and the plaster was cleaned from the ceiling as if with a knife.

Everything on the nearest tables was in fragments, and not a window on the Rue de Conde side of the building was left whole.

The windows of houses for two or three hundred feet in each direction were shattered into small bits and the pavement was strewn with the glass.

Everybody had made a start for the doors, in a panic, but the fright soon abated.

When the police arrived they found that only three persons had been injured. Many others, however, had been slightly cut and scratched by flying glass and other fragments, or hurt by falling in their eager haste to get out of the room, fearing another explosion would follow.

The whole neighborhood was shaken up and greatly alarmed.

The audience in the Odeon Theatre, about a hundred and fifty yards distant, was badly frightened by the report and shock.

Many senators hurried to the *café* immediately after the explosion, and the military guard of the Senate was called to arms, and ten minutes after the explosion the prefect of police was on the ground.

An arrest had mean time been made by the policeman first to arrive upon the scene, and it was believed that the right party had been taken, for a waiter had seen the man who placed the bomb on the sill.

The description tallied with that of the prisoner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CRITICAL TEST.

On the following morning Broadway Billy and Harry Freeman stepped out of the prison.

They slunk away like veritable jail-birds—*gibiers de potence*, as the French call it, and were soon lost to sight in the slums of the great city.

Evidently, they knew where to go, and as they proceeded they cast wary looks about them as if fearful of being followed and of having their plans interfered with by the police-agents.

They entered a time-seared house, and were lost in its dismal interior as soon as the door had closed upon them.

Groping their way to the end of a hall, they spoke a password.

Almost immediately there was light upon the scene, coming from a secret door that opened without a sound.

Before them stood Jacques Gallichon and another man, each with weapons in hand, ready to greet friend or foe, as the case might be.

And they greeted, as they had believed, friends.

"We looked for you," spoke Gallichon. "Are you sure the police have not followed you?"

"That is impossible to say," answered Harry. "Even if they have, though, the ferrets cannot find us if you are quick to conceal us. Let us not delay."

"Come right in, and be quick about it. They will have to be sharp to find us here, unless they blow up our retreat. We want to have some explanation out of you two gentlemen."

Billy and Harry passed in, and the secret door closed after them immediately, leaving the hall in darkness.

Gallichon led the way along the passage, Billy and Harry following him and the other fellow bringing up the rear.

From the passage they descended some steps, and thence along a sort of tunnel for a considerable distance until they came to a door.

Here they stopped and Gallichon rapped.

There was soon a response, and when a password had been spoken the door was opened and they passed out of the tunnel into a room.

It was a cellar, evidently, fitted up to answer the purpose of a meeting-place the same as the one in the Rue de la — had been, and there was quite a group of men present.

The door was closed, and Gallichon said:

"Well, it seems you were the real stuff, after all, boys. But, how did you escape from where we had you?"

"We were freed by Fanchette," answered Harry, promptly.

"By Fanchette?"

"Yes."

"And where is my child now?" cried Gallichon.

"She is a prisoner in the hands of the police, as we have just learned."

"The deuce you say! How came she there, and what do they think to do with her? Tell us all."

"It seems she was captured by the banker's daughter, who has been playing the detective, and has been held a close prisoner till now, when she has been handed over to the prefect."

This last was true.

"And what will he do with her?"

"You will hear from him, no doubt, through the press. He will hold her for the return of Banker Helmann."

"A hundred curses upon him! But, why did she free you?"

"Did you not order her to do so?"

"No, of course not."

"Then it was a part of the trap. We were freed on condition that we would blow up Helmann's bank at a certain time—"

"Inferno! what mystery is here? No wonder the police doubted you. It is a question whether you are Anarchists or spies. Now that we have trusted you, I almost regret it."

Harry laughed lightly.

"It is not likely that we would have placed ourselves in your hands a second time unless we were true to the cause, think you so?" he demanded. "If you doubt us, put us to the front and give us work to do. That will be one way to prove us. We are more bitter than ever against laws and Governments."

"By heavens, that is what we will do."

"Nothing can please us better," spoke up Billy. "Let us prove what we are, for this being under suspicion is not to be borne with."

"What say you, men?"

"Try them."

"As if we had not been tried," said Harry, with an injured air. "What have we been in jail for, think you? Do you imagine we would have served our time could we have proved that we were of the police? That was where they had us."

"That is the only thing in your favor," admitted Gallichon.

"And then for the rescue of your charming daughter, sir," said Billy. "We are determined to prove ourselves, somehow."

"It is much to learn that she is alive," Gallichon declared. "They cannot hold her long, I am sure of it. They can bring no charge against her, and they have made a mistake."

"How a mistake?" asked Harry.

"She is now in the hands of proper officers, and if they can bring no charge they must let her go free."

It was not likely that this had not been looked into by the police. In fact a part of their scheme hinged upon it. Whether it would work as they had planned remained to be seen.

Pierre Marchaunt was one of those present.

"Are you going to put these fellows to the front?" he asked of Gallichon.

"There is no other way to prove them," answered that worthy. "If they will throw bombs they are ours."

"A test we have been put to once," said Harry. "But, we are willing to do it again, and not only willing but anxious, after what we have suffered."

"What I was going to say," Marchaunt added, "why not let one be put to the test while the other is held here. If there is then any false play, the one will have to die."

"That is fair enough," cried Billy.

"We couldn't ask anything fairer," agreed Harry. "We'll toss a cent to see which shall be held here."

The others, seeing how willing they were, were in favor of receiving them without further suspicion, but the leaders would not hear to that.

So long as there was a suspicion, they must be careful.

The cent was tossed, three times, and Billy was the one to go out with the bomb-throwers, while Harry must remain as hostage.

But, this very thing had been talked of between them, and they understood it well."

"What is to be done?" asked Billy, eagerly.

"Let the roll be called, before secrets are discussed," said Gallichon.

"You know it has been called once," reminded Marchaunt, "what is the use, for we know every man present."

Gallichon passed around among them, looking into every face, and the inspection satisfied him.

"Well, we will omit it," he agreed. "And now, for the scheme. This night the Palais de Justice is to be blown up, four men hurling bombs into it at once, taking the risk of dying by their own hands."

"That suits me!" cried Billy.

"You will be expected to take the most dangerous position."

"That suits me better. If I die for the cause, my life will have been well lived."

"And these are the three who will go with you," said Gallichon, indicating. "They are trusted men, and you cannot hope to deceive them in any manner."

They were three villainous-looking fellows.

"Let him try it on, that is all," one of them said, in a threatening way. "I bet it will be the last thing he will do on earth."

And the others voiced the same sentiment.

"You see, you are forced to be true, whether you mean to be or not," the leader reminded. "The least showing of false play, and you will be a dead man, for these men are not to be trifled with."

"Let them do what they please with me, if they catch me," said Billy, carelessly.

The details were all arranged, and remaining in this house till in the afternoon, the four went out upon the street singly, with the understanding that they were to meet at a certain place in the Bois de Boulogne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BILLY PERFORMS A REMARKABLE FEAT.

EVERYBODY knows of the Bois de Boulogne.

This wood, outside the Paris fortifications, has long been famous as a place for suicides and dueling.

It is the most fashionable resort for a drive or walk, and it is certainly a charming place, with its paths and drives, its lakes and islands, its groves and cascades.

At the hour of four, Broadway Billy entered this wood by the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, proceeding from the Arc de l'Étoile along the Avenue Ubrich in the direction of the lakes, finally turning into a sequestered spot where the firs almost hide from view some rustic seats.

On one of these seats two men were sitting, and Billy joined them.

"Well, you are here, eh?" one greeted him.

"As you see," answered Billy.

"And so are we. We now await only the coming of Number Three."

Billy had not learned the names of these men, and he himself was to be mentioned among them as Number Four.

"Have you the bombs?" asked Billy.

For answer, one of the fellows reached behind the bench and picked up a small bag, which he handled carefully.

"Here they are, eight of them," he answered.

"That ought to be enough, surely."

"You can bet it will be."

"It will lay the Palais de Justice even with the ground, if we can only get our work in right," declared the other.

"And that is what we must do," cried Billy. "We will awaken them this time to a sense of their danger. Long live Anarchy! Down with laws and governments! But, I must be more cautious than that."

He had spoken rather loudly.

His companions did not suspect that he had given a signal.

"Yes, you had better put a bridle on your tongue," said Number One. "Wait till our work is done, then shout."

"And if they catch us, prepare for the State surgeon, who does his work so well that no other surgeon can undo it," spoke Number Two, referring to the executioner and the guillotine.

"I wish I could carry a hundred of these bombs, and go through the streets throwing them right and left," said Billy.

"You would never throw but one."

"Why?"

"The first explosion would explode all the rest."

"Then there is danger for us in the present undertaking, unless we can all throw at once."

"Just what Gallichon told you. But, what care we for danger, so long as we can strike a good blow for the cause? Down with the *bourgeoisie*!"

"Have a care!" cautioned Billy. "Not so loud!"

"I wish all France could hear me."

"That would block our little game for us. Let us get in our work first, and talk afterward."

"You are right."

Just then the missing member put in his appearance.

"Guess I'm not late, even if I am the last," he made remark. "Have you got the lifters, Number One?"

For answer, the leader of the four picked up again the bag of bombs which he had replaced behind the bench, and displayed it.

"Two apiece," said he.

"It will be the worst dose the accursed *bourgeoisie* have taken in a long time, won't it?"

"Yes, if nothing happens."

"Well, let me hear the plan in detail," requested Broadway Billy. "I want to understand all about it, so I will know just what is expected of me. If a blunder happens, it won't be made by me, if you post me well."

Thereupon the leader went into a detailed exposition of the heinous plot. It was one that must have resulted disastrously for the city of Paris, had not one of the four been a police agent, or had not other witnesses been present, as we shall soon show.

While the leader was talking, Billy was toying with a strap that he had picked up on one of the driveways.

His jaws were hard set as he listened.

Suddenly, as the man concluded, Broadway Billy sprung to action.

His indignation scarcely knew bounds, and the young Hercules was equal, just then, to almost any feat.

He had been buckling and unbuckling the ends of the strap he held, as he toyed with it, and his last move had been to buckle it and leave it so.

This strap he now flung over the heads of two of the wretches, as they had their heads close together.

He gave it a double turn around his right hand like a flash.

At the same time he had grasped the third man of the trio by the throat with his left hand, and he sprung to his feet, bringing all three with him, helpless in his powerful grasp.

He had the strength of a giant—but, mention of that has been made before.

It was a surprise to the watching police agents, who had never seen the like in their time.

"You infernal, bloodthirsty assassins!" Broadway Billy cried, as he held the three at arm's length and shook them as a terrier would have shaken a rat. "I have a notion to choke the life out of you here and now!"

That he was almost doing so, their appearance attested.

Their mouths were open wide, and they were trying to gasp for breath but could barely do so.

As for their crying out, even had they been inclined to do so, that would have been simply impossible. They were in the hands of Broadway Billy, the New York Detective Samson.

For a moment the hidden police agents were too surprised to act.

This was not according to the programme that had been arranged by them, but it was even better.

Suddenly they dropped out of the trees overhead, half a dozen of them, headed by Detective Houiller, and the Anarchists were seized and quickly handcuffed.

"Weston, you are a Hercules!" cried Houiller, admiringly.

"My blood fairly boils," said Billy, quietly. "I wonder that I did not twist their heads clear off their shoulders."

"Better for you that you had," gasped the leader of the band, just able to make use of his tongue. "Your life shall pay for this, traitor that you are!"

"I am no traitor," cried Billy. "I am Broadway Billy, a detective first, last, and all the time."

"Your partner is in a bad fix, unless you let us go."

"Never do you mind about my partner, dogs."

"What about the bombs?" asked one of the officers.

"One of you carry the bag, and carry it

very gingerly," said Billy. "These are the genuine article. What is more, keep it out of reach of these men."

"You can bet your commission that I will do so."

The officer took up the bag very tenderly, and carried it on his arm with the greatest care.

Not that he was at all a coward; he was a brave officer, but a prudent one, and this was a mark of his prudence. An explosion would have shaken all Paris.

Houiller could not help mentioning Billy's feat again, and that was the one theme of conversation all the way to the nearest police station, where the prisoners were taken.

The prefect of police was on hand there awaiting them.

"A success," he said, simply.

"Yes, and it was needless that you sent us," said Houiller.

"Needless? How is that?"

"Broadway Billy could have done the work alone. In fact, he did do it all himself."

"Do not stretch it," continued Billy, modestly.

"Stretch it! It is the truth. Why, Monsieur le Prefect, he took all three by the necks at once—"

"At once?"

"Ask the fellows themselves."

"It is true," admitted Number One, "and we would have been dead men but for the others coming to our rescue."

It was admiration of Broadway Billy that enforced the admission, for they could not help admiring the feat that had been performed.

It was something that would live in the Paris police annals.

The prisoners were taken care of, and Broadway Billy, together with Houiller and others, set forth immediately to the rescue of Harry Freeman and the arrest of other Anarchists.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STILL GREATER FEAT.

IT was night when Broadway Billy reappeared in the city slums.

His hat was broken, his coat torn, and he carried one hand out of sight under his coat.

He slunk and slouched along in the shadows until he came to the old house which he and Harry had entered that afternoon, and watching his opportunity, slipped in again.

Groping his way to the end of the hall, he rapped.

A voice greeted him.

He gave the pass, and the door was opened to him immediately, by Gallichon.

"You?" he sharply demanded.

"Yes," Billy growled in response.

"What's the matter?"

"The police got onto us."

"Where are the others?"

"In their hands, I fear, unless perhaps one other got away. I had to fight for it, as you can see."

Billy drew his hand from under his coat, disclosing a handcuff dangling from his wrist. It was proof enough in itself, but it was evident that Gallichon was suspicious.

"Where the mischief did they attack you?" he demanded.

"Under the trees in the Bois de Boulogne."

"And why have you come back here? Don't you suppose they have followed you?"

"I want a bomb. I will blow up the Palais de Justice myself, now, to have revenge. And the others want you to blow up the prison, even if you kill them at the same time."

Billy spoke with all the earnestness and force he could bring to bear, for effect.

"And what about your partner? Don't you want him freed to help you?"

"No, I will take the risk myself. You can hold him until I have shown to your entire satisfaction what I am."

"You think I am still suspicious?"

"You seem to be. No, you hold my partner, but if I am taken, let him loose, so he can try to get me out, for we are partners through thick and thin."

"Well, we'll see. Come along."

The door had already been closed and secured, and now Gallichon led the way to the secret rendezvous.

The Anarchists seemed to be assembled there in force, and no doubt they had been anxiously awaiting the report of an explosion.

At sight of Broadway Billy they were amazed.

They demanded an explanation.

Billy sprung upon a table and began to harangue them, making as fiery a speech as they had ever heard.

He moved the crowd, he won them, and as he continued he cleared himself of all suspicion in their minds and they were ready to do his bidding, no matter what he might ask.

"Provide me with bombs," Billy cried in conclusion, "and let me go forth once more."

"We have only one bomb on hand, now," was the cry.

"Give me that."

A man ran and brought it, and there was a cheer for William Mast, the fiery American avenger.

Of course Billy's French was limited and broken, but what he lacked in words he had made up in gesture and fierceness of manner, and there was little room left for suspicion.

As soon as he received the bomb, he raised his arm as if to throw it.

The men leaped back in fear and trembling.

"Take care!" cried Gallichon. "Are you a madman, after all? Be careful with that thing, or you will blow us all up!"

"So I would blow up the *bourgeoisie!*" cried Billy, still motioning as if to hurl the bomb at the crowd.

The Anarchists crowded over one another in their haste to get into a corner.

"Madman!" cried Marchaunt. "Lay it down."

"Suppose you were *bourgeoisie!*" cried Billy. "Thus would I cry to you, as I held your lives in my hand: 'Back! ye cowards! Tremble, ye *bourgeoisie!* To your corner, ye wolves! Dare to move, a single man of you, and I will send you in fragments into eternity!"

The instant the words were spoken, there was a crash from two directions.

Doors were broken down, and into the room rushed the police, headed by Julie Helmann, on one hand, and Detective Houller on the other.

Broadway Billy had heard their cautious signals that they were on hand, and at the proper time had given his signal in return that the time was ripe for them to burst into the den.

Billy still stood upon the table, with his arm raised and the deadly bomb in his hand, while the police pressed upon the band with sabers and revolvers in hand.

"Surrender! every man of you!" cried Houller. "The first one to show resistance will be shot down like a dog!"

They held up their hands, to a man.

It was a surprise complete, and they were too astonished to speak at first.

Not until they found themselves actually handcuffed and linked together by twos, did they come to their senses.

"Perdition! but you shall answer for this!" then screamed Gallichon, shaking his mangled hands at Broadway Billy.

"Muzzled dogs may bark, but they cannot bite," answered Billy, coolly.

He sprung down from the table and shook hands with Houller, who had just turned to compliment him.

"The finest I ever heard or saw," the detective declared.

"Yes, you did it splendidly," cried Billy, turning the credit from himself to the agent.

"My part was nothing," Houller rejoined.

"What could I have done alone?"

"Or we without you."

"Well, let's drop it. Let your men take off the prisoners, while we free my partner and look for Monsieur Helmann."

"You are right. I see you are not susceptible to flattery or praise, so may as well say no more in your favor. Take the prisoners to the station, officers, and see to it that none escape."

The order was obeyed, the policemen leading the prisoners away.

"Where is Julie Helmann?" then cried Houller.

"She was here with you at first," answered Billy, looking around to find her.

But, she was not to be seen. She had slipped out of the room as soon as the arrest had been made.

She was immediately heard from, however.

"Here I am," she answered, joyously, making her appearance, leading her father by the hand. "I merely went in search of papa, and I have found him—I found him myself!"

"Good for you," cried Broadway Billy.

"But, you took a risk," chided Houller.

"And who would not take a risk, to rescue a parent?"

"Which reminds me that I had better release my side-partner, or he will call me to account," said Billy.

He speedily found Harry, and freed him.

"Seems to me you are getting all the honor, while I have been doing nothing," Harry complained. "I commenced the game, but you have made it a success. No matter, we have got there just the same."

"You call it nothing to have remained here as hostage, in danger of your life, if I made a failure of my part?" cried Billy.

"I knew you would not fail, though, Billy."

"You knew nothing of the kind, and if I had, what would have become of you? I hold that you have taken the most risk, and that you are braver than I."

"Pshaw! get out. I could trust you, and you were a better man for that part of the business than I would have been. It was a big risk you took, Billy, and I'm glad you came out alive."

"So am I, some," Billy naively muttered. So were they all.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

THE house was ransacked, secrets were learned, and other arrests followed.

The prefect of police complimented Billy and Harry highly upon the work they had done.

Billy had added fresh laurels to his wreath of fame, and now the prefect offered him a permanent place in the Secret Service.

The offer was accepted for a time, but it was understood that Billy was free to drop out at any time when there was no important case on hand in which he was interested.

The Anarchists were punished as they deserved, and even pretty Fanchette Gallichon, the Detective Queen, did not escape sentence.

Plinquet and his daughter disappeared, and had taken passage for the New World.

Thanks to Broadway Billy, the young American ferret, for the importance of the service he had rendered.

THE END.

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